

# MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES

VOL. XXII.

BALTIMORE, MARCH, 1907.

No. 3.

## BROWNING'S DRAMAS.

### I.

The word drama means action. The play, according to Aristotle, is an imitation of action presented artificially upon the stage for the amusement of an audience. It must consist of action, then, which will rouse the interest and hold the attention of the onlookers for a given length of time. It is the presence of an audience which has forced the unities upon the drama. The lesser unities of time and place are a natural outgrowth of conditions; any variation from them (though required often by the all-important unity of action) puts more or less of a burden on the ingenuity of the playwright and the imagination of the playgoer. The unity of action—rise, crisis, fall—is even more vitally connected with the psychology of the audience. Thus, since the interest of the spectator might flag, the interest deepens; the plot “rises” to hold his attention; and when the crisis is reached his mind has become so fixed upon the human interest, so complete has become his identification with the hero, that he joys and sorrows with him, shares in his intensest life. In the “rise,” therefore, we are chiefly concerned with “What is going to happen?”: in the fall, with how these happenings affect the main characters. Thus we pass in imagination from an onlooker at events to a participator in the inward life of the actors. Through the deeds we have come to know the doers of them. But, just as our acquaintance with the man begins with the first page of the play—or the rise of the curtain—and gives a distinct character interest to the “rise,” so our interest in the man’s fate gives a “plot” interest to the end. Each interest is always present; but first one and then the other is in the ascendant. In the main, the first half of the play appeals to the curiosity, which is intellectual; and the other half to the sympathy, which is emotional. Each play contains both elements; but in comedy the stress is laid through-

out upon the former element; while in tragedy the latter dominates.

The definition of drama as “Action humanly considered,” seems to contain the gist of the whole matter; it is one in which all critics have agreed. But as soon as the pronouncements become more elaborate, we find the critics dividing into two schools; according to the predominance they give to plot or character, and the right of way they claim for each. Thus one critic defines drama as: “A course of connected acts involving motive, procedure, purpose, and by a sequence of events leading up to a catastrophe.” While Stevenson counters in a decided: “It is sometimes supposed that the drama consists of incident. It consists of passion (which gives the actor his opportunity), and the passion must increase progressively to carry the audience with him to a higher pitch of interest and emotion.” Thus, in the opinion of one, the deed should be presented objectively, and the inner life be used only to show the significance of it; while from the point of view of the other, the deed is presented not for its own sake, but because only so can one find a *raison d’être* for the passion of the man.

The two points are by no means irreconcilable, practically; for, though the plot interest be considered the most important, yet the question “What made it happen?” involves, by the critics’ own showing, “motive, procedure, purpose;” while if the passion of the man be the playwright’s business, yet the question “What made him feel so?” brings the playwright unavoidably to the consideration of those events which produced this state of mind, and to those acts in which, to some extent at least, they find expression. Practically, the two often coincide in a single play. Thus a great dramatist may present a deed, or series of deeds, so significant of the doer’s nature that it might be said to interpret it; and at the same time so transforming to the nature of the doer that the act would mould him more completely to *its* nature; thus at once presenting and determining character; while, on the other

hand, the deed has been plainly an outgrowth from the circumstances of his outer life, and has such positive results in the actual world, both in its bearings on the lives of men and its influence on their minds and hearts, that it is decisive of that course of events which we call plot. The interaction of the elements—each on the other—gives us that subtle blending of circumstances and character which we call Fate. It is the binding force of circumstance, once a course of action is chosen; and the cumulative effect on character of a series of choices;—these are the two things which drive the man from the climax to the catastrophe.

In *Anthony and Cleopatra*, it is impossible to separate the character of Anthony from his career. We see his undisciplined nature in his ungoverned passion for Cleopatra; we see too how this passion unmoors him from the duties of his position. This reckless abandon of his duties as husband, statesman, and "triple pillar of the world," estranges Caesar; and though Actium might be called the "plot result" merely of these forces, yet the outward manifestation of failure has a distinctly disintegrating effect on his character.

In *Macbeth* the temptation comes from without as well as within. Macbeth is at once opportunist and villain. He is not at first merely a sinful man, acting out his evil nature; but an imperfect mortal, strongly tempted by opportunity, who yields, and is dragged down to spiritual degradation and worldly defeat. The murder of Duncan not only makes Macbeth, by force of crime enacted, a murderer capable of far worse atrocities; but actually forces him into them by need of concealment, and by the desire to keep what he has gained. Thus human life and human nature lie beneath the presentment of action. The deed is at once the crux of plot and character; it presents and determines both. It is when we consider the deed as representative that we have the unity of plot and character at once preserved, and the whole problem of stage presentation simplified: nullify the significance of the deed—as Browning does—and the whole art structure is destroyed, and a new arrangement, elaborate, complex, must be built up.

When we come to consider Browning in the light of these formulae—we find that it is just

here—in his attitude toward the deed—that he parts company with the other great dramatists. As a psychologist he is concerned primarily with the mind and heart of man; and it would seem, therefore, that in him character interest would predominate over plot. But in him there can be no such fortunate blending as we have noted; the question "What made him feel so?" leads him into a consideration of the subjective state of man. The more this is studied the more complex and subtle it becomes, until it becomes evident to the psychologist that events—even the acts of a life—are inadequate to express it. He aims, therefore, not to show character by acts, but so to present the character that through our knowledge of it we may interpret rightly the act which in itself would be but an imperfect expression of the man.

How would it be possible, for instance, to rightly interpret the murder of the Praefect, in *The Return of the Druses*, had Browning not previously made known to us Anael's struggle between faith and doubt; the confusion which existed in her mind between her faith in Djabal as God, and love for him as man, complicated by her loyalty to him as Leader of the people? Woman, worshipper, and patriot struggled within her until, unable to disentangle the complexity of her feelings, she forces herself to a great objective test. The act is an effort to pass from uncertainty to certainty; to prove her loyalty, and at the same time to kill her doubt. The motives which spur her on bear no relation to the horrible deed: for horrible it is, aesthetically if not morally. The subjective state could easily have found, we fancy, other and truer expression in entirely different acts. A comparison between the relation of Lady Macbeth to the murder of Duncan, and that of Anael to the murder of the Praefect, is very illuminating as to the relative value that the two dramatists put upon the deed as an interpreter of character.

It is just here, in his conception of the deed, that Browning, as we began by saying, parts company with other dramatists; indeed, with the accepted form of drama itself. We have seen that when the deed is considered representative the unities of plot and character are preserved, and the whole problem of presentation simplified.

'The drama is in the deed poised upon the point of interaction between the objective and subjective worlds.' Nullify the significance of the deed—as Browning does—and we destroy instantly the fitness of the old art form; and a new organization—elaborate, complex—must be built up within the old form. Thus, since the deed is not representative, one cannot get to man through the act, but must know the doer before one can understand the deed. This leads to a more or less complete interchange of the position which the plot and character interest have been accustomed to hold. Thus in *Strafford*, the first half of the play is taken up with the subjective life of Strafford, the psychology of his choice between "The People or the King? and that King, Charles!"; and the last half in showing the results of that choice in actual events. In the *Return of the Druses* we are first absorbed in understanding—getting at—the psychology of Anael and Djabal; at the end, in knowing what they will do. Thus, instead of learning to know a man through his acts—as in the majority of plays—we are first required to enter the inner life of the man to know him; and then, in the last half of the play, our interest may honestly be centred in what happens to him, for only then can we know how it affects him, or what he will do in an emergency, for only so are we capable of interpreting aright his acts. Thus it is we often find in Browning that the moments of our most complete identification with the character fall somewhere about the centre of the drama, where the plot crisis usually falls. In *Strafford*, it is at the end of the second act; in *Luria*, at the end of the third—(though in both instances this might be disputed); while the end of the play gives us not infrequently a great situation, or climax, answering to the crisis of the plot—which usually comes in the older order of things in the heart of the play. It is, of course, a psychological crisis, in which our interest lies in what the man will think, and which derives its significance, its special thrill, from our consciousness of his subjective state—but still a situation—in which the elements of surprise and uncertainty are not unlike those we see frequently in comedy, deepened by the gravity of the issue into the tone of tragedy.

This interchange complicates, too, the business of the drama. Although the business of Brown-

ing's first act is to take us straight to the heart of the man, and let him reveal himself,—yet there must be a certain amount of setting given, for the men cannot float loosely in chronology and space. Now these details of time and place fit far less easily into the presentation of character than into the development of plot. They are frequently slurred over, condensed into some chance phrase of the speaker who is pouring out his soul to us. We must catch at the situation anyhow; and this is far less easy a task than the old way of getting acquainted with the man in the unfolding of the plot. Again, however much Browning underrates the interpretative power of the deed, the character must as a matter of fact be doing something all the time he is being presented, or is revealing himself to us; while in leading up to the situation at the end—which is not only a supreme psychological moment, but is also a plot crisis—some sort of sequence in the course of events must be preserved. This leads to a new complexity of structure. First, as an excuse for the "passion" of the character; then, to develop the situation in which he finds himself, there is built up an objective drama—forming a sort of overplot—more or less closely related to the main interests. It touches them, now here, now there; only certainly in the end of the play, where the supreme psychological moment, the crisis of his life, and the decisive epoch in the course of events, all coincide. In the main, it is just a shell of circumstance under cover of which the real drama is in the progress before mentioned. This interchange of the usual relation of plot and character interest, and the readjustment necessary to it, gives the clew to the complexities of Browning's structure.

What Browning loses in dramatic clearness by this view of the deed,—by the complexity of structure and the subversion of the unities into which it leads him,—he gains in psychological interest. And Browning is first and last a student of the soul. Let us see what light his own words throw upon his purpose. In *Rabbi Ben Ezra* Browning has given us his view of life in terms which will serve as a direct statement of his dramatic purpose—of what he wishes to present in his drama:

"But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account;

All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's  
amount.

"Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;  
All I could never be,  
All men ignored in me,  
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

Since Browning aims to show the man, not as  
he appears to his fellows, but as he appears to  
God ; since he wishes to body forth

All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,

and brushes aside "things done which took the  
eye and had the price," it is evident that he must  
present not the character of a man only, which is  
graven by *things done*, but the soul of him, wherein  
dwell those

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped.

He must be, in short, a dramatist of the subjective.

Now this presentation of the inner life of the  
man, which Browning expressly says cannot be  
presented by action, is ringed about with difficul-  
ties. It is the work, at once of the dramatist and  
of the psychologist. From one point of view incon-  
sequent action is made intelligible by explanation,  
and from the other subtle analysis becomes illus-  
trated by concrete example. The author must at  
once be presenting a bit of life, and at the same  
time interpreting it to reader or audience. Some-  
times, when the deeds are conceived by Browning  
as being merely inexpressive, we have him pre-  
senting an action, and then supplementing it with  
comment, either his own or the narrator's, ex-  
plaining away an act here, giving new meaning  
there, until the whole drama or incident is propped  
into significance.

Again, when the act is considered as in itself  
misleading, he presents us first a drama of the  
objective, and then requires us to look through it  
into another absolutely different one below. Thus  
it appears to the world, he says ; thus it really is.  
This is well illustrated by his treatment of an old  
story in the dramatic fragment entitled *The Glove*.

Here he refuses to let us interpret the action in  
the old way ; but by giving the inner workings of  
the lady's mind—explaining her motives—he  
changes for us the whole dramatic value of the  
deed. Instead of an act of overweening vanity,  
for which she is justly punished, it becomes a test  
of De Lorgne's sincerity, in which he is found  
wanting. In one aspect the incident reveals the  
weakness of the lady, in the other the baseness  
of the man. The plot relations, too, are altered.  
In the old story, the chief actor is De Lorgne,  
the one acted upon is the lady. In the Browning  
rendition the positions are exactly reversed. This  
is accomplished by a page of interpretation. Peter  
Ronsard, the narrator, a clear-eyed spectator of  
the little comedy, divines shrewdly the lady's  
state of mind, and sets it before us. Thus it is  
by interpretation we are able to see through the  
enactor to the act. We comprehend its signifi-  
cance only after we understand the feeling which  
produced it, the act itself being open to misinter-  
pretation. Practically, the order followed here is  
first the incident, then the interpretation of it ;  
but so closely does the explanation travel on the  
heels of the story that one *reads back* the later  
into the earlier impression, and seems at the end  
to have had throughout a consciousness of a  
double presentation ; one played to the court,  
and the other to oneself ; one objective, the other  
subjective. The act of throwing the glove to the  
lion begins the action ; De Lorgne striking the  
glove in the lady's face is the result and completion  
of it. But in one the act, conceived in vanity,  
ends in the shame and humiliation of the lady  
before the court ; while in the other the act, con-  
ceived in proud intolerance of sham, ends in the  
shame and humiliation before us of her protago-  
nist. Thus the two dramas part company. One  
is played for her contemporaries, and ends in one  
fashion ; the other, played for us, ends in quite  
another. We see the lady, passing out, proud  
and patient, amid the contumely and derision of  
the court—we see and understand. She who, for  
ages, has been misnamed in song and story is  
comprehended at last. Browning's attitude toward  
his characters in this fragment is eminently char-  
acteristic. Throughout his plays he is an ardent  
champion, and constantly at war with contem-  
porary judgment.



Hamlet says, dying :

O good Horatio—what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me !  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain  
To tell my story.

It is as if this cry of Hamlet's had reached Browning as a great appeal from all wronged, thwarted, misrepresented human lives, and he had taken up the burden of interpreting them aright. This purpose of necessity moulds the form of drama to it ; but how ? In a dramatic monologue, or in any dramatic lyric where a narrative of action is given, the blending of presentment and comment can be shrewdly done as above by the narrator, and the technique is fairly simple ; but when we come to consider not a mere incident as *The Glove*, but a whole play constructed to show two dramas, one objective and the other subjective, the question instantly arises as to their plot relations. Do the rise and fall of the two coincide ? If not, what is the connection in a five act drama between the two movements ? In rebelling against the judgment of contemporaries, for instance, he must perforce throw some weight in the dramatic construction upon such judgment, let it affect in some vital way the character ; and if this is done, the subjective drama, which usually consists, as we have noted, of the presentment of a man, and then his deeds, must have come—in some place, in some plays—in close and vital connection with that shell of circumstance which in the beginning fits so lightly around the real interests. Often, as we have seen, this connection is established in the last half of the play ; almost always at the *situation* in the end there is the blending of the great psychological moment with the crisis in his career. But the matter of place-combination, is decided entirely by the exigencies of each play, and can scarcely be generalized on successfully.

This rebellion against contemporary judgment can be considered merely as a logical outcome of his view of the *deed*. How could Browning trust the general consensus of opinion when he discredits the representative value of the acts on which those opinions are based ? However we regard it, whether as partisanship or psychological accuracy,

this discrediting of appearances, and so of opinion, forms a distinct element to be reckoned on in the structure. It forces him to present that very appearance of things against which he is in rebellion. Sometimes it is done in a mere phrase : In *Pippa Passes*, he gives a quick ironic glance at the fair surface of things before he rends it. He speaks of Asolo's *four happiest ones*, and then the phrase is torn asunder, and we see four human beings in the agonies of soul birth and soul death ; always in crucial suffering. The whole of *The Ring and the Book* moves in great concentric circles from false appearances and opinions to the heart of truth. It moves first from the consideration of the views of half Rome to those of Pompilia ; from those who heard, past those who acted, to the one who suffered. Then it passes from the superficial dicta of the lawyers to the deep heart of the matter in the speech of the Pope ; then last from Guido's false presentment of himself as an injured husband, through tortuous windings of evil nature to the gradual revelation of himself, disclosing at last a moral consciousness, a perception of that truth which he has set himself against, in his one sincere utterance, that cry of mortal terror : "*Pompilia, will you let them murder me ?*" So, in the first and last chapters in which Browning speaks for himself, he moves from discussion of matters of mere external interest to an explanation of his great art purpose.

This contrast between the "fair seeming show" and the reality is too characteristic a habit of thought in Browning to be ever quite absent from his works. Sometimes it is the main *motif*, moulding the drama or dramatic incident to it ; again, it is the informing idea of an act or scene developing it to itself, and away from the main thought, and so twisting the structure ; again, it is put in a phrase, throwing a search light back or forward into the play : always and everywhere the contrast : thus it seems ; thus it really is.

Thus from another point of approach, one sees how the dramatist and the psychologist mingle oddly in the works of Browning. Not only must action be made intelligible by the revelation of motives, but the appearance of things must be given the lie by the presentation of realities. The opposite *order* of development which these present indicate the two types of structure he follows.

Their blending in a single play gives the clue to many of his complexities ; generally the first is the order of the play, while the second produces variants from it by informing an act or scene.

When we remember that the aim of Browning is to present those

Thoughts that could not be packed,  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped :

we find that in this discussion of construction we have only touched the outer rim of the difficulty. How is the life of the human soul to be presented in a drama? Practical difficulties arise at every step. How, for instance, is the "explanation" we found necessary to be made? The Greek chorus, which could have been developed into a fit interpreter, is eliminated. Browning's characters must either interpret themselves—enquire into their own mental processes, and then speak them forth with the most full-voiced self-consciousness—or else be explained, in a similar fashion, by their fellows. In either case we have analysis, which violates at once dramatic method and essential dramatic truth: analysis violates method in that it stops the movement to explain; and violates truth since it presents the characters as doing what in real life would be unnatural. Obviously his necessity to make the characters interpret themselves is destructive to natural dialogue. For his characters to reveal their inmost selves in the language of every day life would be to violate the decency and dignity of reticence which alone makes human intercourse possible, and by so doing they forfeit that respect which is necessary to the fullest sympathy. As dramatist, then, he must let his characters speak each to other, keeping fast hold of all the reserves and silences of daily life; while, as interpreter, he must speak through them directly to the audience; must vocalize for us all the dumb content of the human soul. He shows us Pippa weaving holiday fancies in her bed-chamber; again, singing in the streets of Asolo, cleaving with sunshine and song the dark recesses of crime, lighting doubt to sure faith; hesitation to forthrightness, and temptation to right abhorrence; and last, musing child thoughts and praying child prayers at nightfall. But it is Browning who gives to her unconsciousness conscious speech; it is not Pippa we hear, but Browning's vocalization

of her soul. So Pompilia, in *The Ring and The Book*, speaks no peasant language. There is nothing peasant in her save, perhaps, her simplicity; and that is more the simplicity of purity and elemental womanhood than of the peasant. The thought, one can see, is in character; but the vocabulary, the images, are Browning's own.

Sometimes in the drama the characters interpret themselves, speak the language of the underplot; and again, as the exigencies of the objective plot demand it, they speak the language of every-day life. A strange blending of these in a single scene occurs in the third act, third scene of *Strafford*. The scene occurs in the ante-room to the House of Commons. Strafford has just been denounced by Pym as traitor, and is now being arrested for treason; it is a crisis in his career as statesman; it is also a moment of poignant anguish. As leader, he must front the situation manfully; as a tortured soul upon the rack of loyalty, he must reveal to us his agony. We hear two voices; one Strafford's the man, speaking to men; the other, Browning's vocalization of the dumb content of his soul. One moment Strafford rises to the critical historical crisis—and speaks so:

Let us go forth: follow me, gentlemen,  
Draw your swords, too: cut any down that bar us,  
On the King's service! Maxwell, clear the way.

A moment later to his own men his heart finds utterance:

Slingsby, I've loved you at least: make haste!  
Stab me! I have not time to tell you why.  
You, then, my Bryan! Mainwaring, you then!

Again we hear two voices: one speaks in pride and scorn directly to the situation.

The king is sure to have your heads, you know.

Then follows the anguished cry of his inner consciousness:

But what if I can't live this moment through.  
Pym who is there with his pursuing smile.

We must carry throughout a double consciousness. The scene must shift with lightning-like rapidity from the ante-room in the House of Commons to the secret chambers of Strafford's soul. Any failure on the reader's part to do this is disastrous to the artistic effect. Now we hear a soul in deep distress, and the words carry conviction:

We like a cry of agony  
Because we know it's true.

Then there rises before us a real scene—a world of actuality ; we see not a soul pressed by thronging emotions, but a man girt with hostile soldiers, and the words ring false. Maxwell and the Puritans—men who are to be the Ironsides—what do they make of these wild and whirling words? Again, the utter anguish of them takes possession of us, the world fades—we are alone with the naked soul of a man. Thus, as our consciousness of the soul or the circumstances comes uppermost, the values shift. One can easily see that such a blending of the critical historical moment and the critical psychological moment might prove mutually thwarting.

(To be continued.)

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#### EDGAR POË ET ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Il ne s'agit pas d'un rapprochement littéraire entre ces deux poètes, tout au moins d'un rapprochement complet. Ni l'objet de leurs chants ni leur manière n'appellent une comparaison. Pourtant ils ont un trait commun. Dans *William Wilson*,<sup>1</sup> conte aux fantastiques événements, mais image plus ou moins réelle de sa vie, Edgar Poë, après avoir décrit de façon charmante l'école anglaise où s'écoulèrent ses jeunes années, parle d'un enfant de génie, violent, passionné, c'est lui-même. Son influence s'exerce sur tous ses camarades, un seul excepté, parfaitement semblable à lui de taille, de visage, même de nom. Signe distinctif : sa voix n'est qu'un murmure, un chuchotement, mais toujours, dit Poë, "le parfait écho de la mienne."<sup>2</sup> De son côté, Alfred de Musset écrit dans la *Nuit de Décembre* :<sup>3</sup>

Du temps que j'étais écolier,  
Je restais un soir à veiller  
Dans notre salle solitaire.

<sup>1</sup> *Tales of Conscience*. Edition Stedman et Woodberry, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 11 et 14.

<sup>3</sup> *Poésies nouvelles*, Edit. Charpentier, 1896.

Devant ma table vint s'asseoir  
Un pauvre enfant vêtu de noir  
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

Poë voyait donc un double de lui-même ; Musset aussi. Je voudrais analyser ici cette singulière et commune vision,—fiction ou hallucination, il n'importe, — signaler sous quelle influence elle apparut aux deux poètes, préciser enfin sa signification morale.

Ainsi William Wilson, le jumeau de Poë, résistait à son despotisme précoce. Bien plus, il intervenait dans sa conduite, tantôt par un avis discret, tantôt par un conseil impérieux, jamais découragé par les rebuffades de son ami. Naturellement ses bons offices lui devinrent odieux, sans qu'il parvint à les détourner. Il a beau quitter la pension Bransby, aller à Eton, le double l'y suit. Un jour, avec quelques camarades aussi fous que lui, dans une chambre du collège, il se livre à une débauche effrénée de boisson et de jeu. Soudain, on l'appelle au-dehors ; il se trouve en face de son inséparable compagnon, qui chuchote très-bas son nom seulement, puis disparaît. Un autre jour, tandis qu'il joue malhonnêtement aux cartes, William Wilson—le Double—fait irruption au milieu de la compagnie, et dénonce publiquement sa faute. Exaspéré, Poë fuit dans une agonie d'horreur et de honte. Il fuyait en vain. "Ma destinée maudite m'a poursuivi, triomphante, et me prouvant que son mystérieux pouvoir n'avait fait jusqu'alors que de commencer. A peine eus-je mis le pied dans Paris, que j'eus une preuve nouvelle du détestable intérêt que le Wilson prenait à mes affaires. Les années s'écoulèrent et je n'eus point de répit. Misérable ! A Rome, avec quelle importune obséquiosité, avec quelle tendresse de spectre, il s'interposa entre moi et mon ambition ! Et à Vienne ! et à Berlin ! et à Moscou ! Où donc ne trouvai-je pas quelque amère raison de le maudire du fond de mon cœur ! Frappé d'une panique, je pris enfin la fuite devant son impénétrable tyrannie, comme devant une peste, et jusqu'au bout du monde, j'ai fui, j'ai fui en vain."<sup>4</sup>

L'élévation de caractère, la majestueuse sagesse, l'omniprésence de Wilson inspiraient à Poë une sorte de terreur, sans contenir hélas ! sa passion

<sup>4</sup> *William Wilson*, p. 28. Traduction Baudelaire. Toutes nos citations sont empruntées à cette traduction.

de l'alcool. Sous son influence, son tempérament héréditaire s'exaspère et supporte impatiemment le contrôle. Il commence à murmurer, à hésiter, à résister ; il se sent plus ferme devant son tyran ; il conçoit l'espoir de secouer son esclavage. Un soir, à Rome, dans une nuit de fête, au moment où il se prépare à une poursuite amoureuse, il sent sur son épaule une main légère, et à son oreille il entend l'affreux chuchotement. Alors, dans une rage frénétique, il saisit l'importun, l'entraîne dans une antichambre, le force à dégainer, et, après un court duel furieux, il l'assassine. "Quelle langue humaine peut rendre suffisamment cet étonnement, cette horreur qui s'emparèrent de moi au spectacle que virent alors mes yeux. . . . Une vaste glace se dressait là où je n'en avais pas vu trace auparavant, et comme je marchais, frappé de terreur, vers ce miroir, ma propre image, mais avec une face pâle et barbouillée de sang, s'avança à ma rencontre d'un pas faible et vacillant." <sup>5</sup>

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Maintenant, écoutons Musset. Le pauvre enfant qui lui ressemblait comme un frère, le suit pas à pas dans la vie. Parmi ses rêves d'adolescent, il lui apparaît, un luth d'une main, à l'autre un bouquet d'églantine, et, du doigt, il lui montre la colline des Muses. Quand la jeunesse emporte le poète dans ses ardeurs, l'étranger vêtu de noir s'asseyait au coin de son feu, triste, un soupir aux lèvres, et ainsi, à mesure que les jours s'écoulaient chargés de fautes, de plaisirs et de douleurs, partout où Musset traîne la fatigue d'une vie agitée, partout, à côté de lui, il voit le mystérieux étranger vêtu de noir qui lui ressemble comme un frère. Ce n'est ici qu'un doux et mélancolique fantôme. Ailleurs, l'aspect change. Dans la *Coupe et les lèvres*,<sup>6</sup> Frank, le libertin, le débauché, se tient auprès de Déidamia, la pure jeune fille. Il sent son âme s'ouvrir au véritable amour, et s'enivre à cette source qui rafraîchit son pauvre cœur desséché. Soudain, Déidamia s'écrie :

Qui donc est là, debout, derrière la fenêtre,  
Avec ces deux grands yeux et cet air étonné ?

Frank.

Où donc ? je ne vois rien.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 31.

<sup>6</sup> *Premières Poésies*, pp. 292, 296.

Déidamia.

Si, quelqu'un nous écoute,  
Qui vient de s'en aller, quand tu t'es retourné.

Frank chasse les terreurs de l'innocente enfant, et la berce de tendres discours. Mais elle l'interrompt une seconde fois :

Qui donc est encor là ? Je te dis qu'on nous guette.  
Tu ne vois pas là-bas remuer une tête,  
Là, dans l'ombre du mur . . . ?

Frank n'a rien aperçu ; il multiplie ses caresses ; Déidamia s'abandonne entre ses bras. Mais, brusquement, il se lève : quelqu'un est là, c'est vrai. Maintenant, il a vu ; et, d'un bond, il franchit la fenêtre de la petite chambre, à la poursuite du spectre. Il fait la tour de la maison pour l'atteindre. Le spectre se dérobe à l'intérieur ; Frank revient, et, sur le seuil, il trouve Déidamia, morte, un stylet au cœur.

Même aventure, sous une autre forme, dans les *Caprices de Marianne*.<sup>7</sup> Coelio et Octave sont deux jeunes amis. Coelio, pur, délicat, aime Marianne qui reste indifférente. Octave tâche à favoriser les amours de Coelio. Octave est un libertin. Or, sentiment bizarre, c'est lui qu'aime la capricieuse Marianne. Enfin, à un rendez-vous, par une fatale confusion, Coelio est tué à la place de son ami. Coelio et Octave représentent Musset, l'un, ce qu'il y avait de meilleur en lui, l'autre, le vice triomphant. Octave tue ou fait tuer Coelio. Il ne serait pas malaisé de trouver en d'autres œuvres du poète (dans *Lorenzaccio* par exemple) cette espèce de dédoublement ou symbolique ou halluciné. Poë nous offre le sien en un conte suivi ; Musset, en des poèmes divers. Mais, ils se ressemblent en ce point : tous deux, chacun à sa manière, voient leur double.

Aussi bien, d'autres analogies existent entre eux. Et ici, peut-être n'est-il pas hors de propos de geter un coup-d'œil sur leur vie.<sup>8</sup> Edgar Allan Poë descendait d'une famille anglaise. Son arrière-grand-père émigra en Amérique vers le milieu du 18<sup>e</sup> siècle. Son grand-père, simple charron à Baltimore quand éclata la guerre de

<sup>7</sup> *Comédies et Proverbes*, I.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. Arvède Barine, *Essais de littérature pathologique*. Revue des Deux-Mondes, 15 Juillet, 1897. Nous devons à cet écrivain plusieurs détails intéressants sur Edgar Poë et d'importantes citations.



l'indépendance, quitta son enclume, prit les armes et gagna dans cette lutte nationale le titre de général Poë. C'était un homme rude, sain et vigoureux. Aucun fait précis ne révèle qu'il aimât la boisson. Il eut plusieurs enfants. L'aîné s'appelait David ; ce fut le père d'Edgar. Seul, il mérite notre attention. Comment le fils de l'énergique général devint-il un pauvre être névrosé, alcoolique, phthisique, par quel atavisme obscur ? Je l'ignore. Mais il fut tout cela, et de bonne heure. Rebelle aux remontrances de sa famille, aux expédients qu'elle employa pour refréner sa triste nature, il s'enfuit de la maison paternelle pour courir le monde avec une troupe ambulante de comédiens, vivant leur vie misérable, adonné aux vices de sa condition. Déjà usé par la boisson et la maladie, il épouse une actrice aussi malade, aussi dégénérée que lui, et il en eut trois enfants : William, Edgar (19 janvier, 1809) Rosalie. L'aîné mourut jeune, à demi fou. Rosalie, presque idiote, échoua dans un hospice. Edgar survécut. La mort de ses parents le laisse orphelin à deux ans sans autre héritage, hélas ! qu'un sang vicié, de tristes habitudes encore sommeillantes, mais qui ne tarderont pas à s'éveiller. Abandonné par son grand-père, il est recueilli par un riche négociant en tabac, John Allan, que séduisit la figure étrange de ce petit garçon aux yeux brillants, remplis de lueurs précoces. Il s'en amusa ; il ne l'éleva point. Rien ne vint contrarier les germes de passions que lui avait léguées une hérédité funeste. A la suite d'un voyage en Angleterre, ses parents adoptifs se contentèrent de le mettre en pension dans une école aux environs de Londres, sous la férule du docteur Bransby. Le maître n'eut aucune influence sur l'élève. Celui-ci resta et devint de plus en plus un impulsif, un volontaire et un passionné. Revenu en Amérique à l'âge de douze ans, il entre dans une école de Richmond ; puis, à dix-sept ans, à l'Université de Virginie. Ce fut pour son malheur. Les étudiants de cette Université aimaient à boire et à jouer. Parmi eux, Poë sentit s'allumer les flammes qui dormaient en lui. Il but "en gourmand, en barbare," engloutissant force breuvages, sans les goûter ; ou plutôt, il but en malade, par accès, pour éteindre un besoin aigu et cruel. Il jouait aussi, il fit des dettes, si bien que M. Allan, pour couper court

à ses incartades, le rappela. Il l'employa dans ses bureaux ; mais ce genre de vie déplut tout de suite au caractère bouillonnant du jeune Poë. Il s'enfuit, s'engage dans l'armée américaine (26 Mai, 1827), passe à l'école militaire de West Point, s'en fait chasser, se voit alors rejeté par M. Allan, et commence une vie de bohème, partagée entre la littérature, les luttes pour le pain quotidien et les accès d'alcoolisme. Je n'ai pas l'intention de le suivre dans sa carrière douloureusement accidentée. Pour ne l'envisager que du point de vue qui nous occupe, disons qu'après une série de relèvements éphémères, de rechutes lamentables, E. Poë aboutit au *delirium tremens*<sup>9</sup> qui l'emporta le 7 octobre 1849.

Alfred de Musset ne tomba jamais à cette misère profonde. Aucune hérédité fatale ne pesa sur son existence. Sans doute, au déclin prématuré de sa vie, il demande à l'absinthe l'inspiration qui s'est enfuie avec l'amour, l'oubli et l'abrutissement. Mais, dans sa jeunesse, en pleine maturité de sa force, s'il aime les festins, le jeu, les plaisirs, il n'y laisse pas sombrer sa volonté ni son génie. C'est d'une autre ivresse qu'il est question. Jeune, beau, aimable, il vécut pour l'amour, pour lui seul. Toute sa vie, toute sa religion est là. Poë buvait, mais avec honte et remords. Musset aime avec orgueil et espérance triomphante. Bientôt cet amour devient obsession. "Ce sentiment redoutable et doux s'est abattu sur le poète comme une fièvre qui résiste à tous les remèdes, comme un sortilège contre lequel malédictions et prières ne peuvent rien. Y arrêter sa pensée est une tristesse quand ce n'est pas une souffrance, et cependant, s'en détourner est une impossibilité. Le fantôme obstiné est toujours là qui fixe le poète, tantôt souriant, tantôt menaçant ; repoussé par une imprécation, il revient avec un sarcasme."<sup>10</sup> Enfin, c'est un goût d'ivresse analogue, par certains côtés, à celui qui entraînait le malheureux Poë. Musset a poursuivi l'amour sous toutes ses formes. Jeune,

<sup>9</sup> C'est du moins l'opinion commune, d'ailleurs combattue par un des derniers biographes de Poë, James A. Harrison, et quelques autres rares critiques. Un médecin spécialiste doublé d'un littérateur pourrait seul trancher la question. Il semblera toujours étrange qu'un alcoolique ait pu, dans les intervalles de son ivresse, composer d'aussi nombreux et beaux poèmes.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Émile Montégut, *Nos Morts Contemporains*, p. 247.

c'est l'amour libertin, fringant et tapageur (*Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie, don Paëz, les Marrons du feu, Namouna, Mardoche.*) Il joue avec le poison divin ou mortel. Plus tard, c'est l'heure de la passion dont il s'enivre avec de douloureux transports. (*Les Nuits, l'Espoir en Dieu, Lettre à Lamartine, Souvenir.*) Mais, depuis longtemps déjà, l'ivresse avait commencé son œuvre démoralisatrice (*la Coupe et les Lèvres, Rolla, Lorenzaccio, Confession d'un enfant du siècle.*) Et dès lors, comme par l'autre ivresse, c'est la déchéance, la chute dans les expériences vilaines, la débauche en un mot. Le pauvre poète essaie parfois de se relever ; mais il retombe un peu plus bas, toujours insatiable, toujours inassouvi. Ainsi se rapprochent Poë et Musset dans une passion, différente sans doute, mais non sans quelque analogie peut-être, au moins dans les effets moraux.

\* \* \*

Que signifie le spectre pâle et sanglant qui s'avance vers Poë, après le meurtre de son double ? Wilson nous l'explique avant de mourir ; il adresse à l'assassin ces paroles : "Tu as vaincu et je succombe. Mais, dorénavant, tu es mort aussi, mort au monde, au Ciel et à l'Espérance. En moi, tu existais, et vois dans ma mort, vois dans cette image qui est la tienne, comme tu t'es radicalement assassiné toi-même."<sup>11</sup> Le fantôme, le double, c'était sa conscience. Le sens du conte, c'est que Poë, au milieu de ses erreurs, de ses déchéances, n'a jamais pu ni voulu éteindre cette voix. Il avoue ses fautes, il implore la pitié : "Je soupire après la sympathie de mes semblables. Je voudrais leur persuader que j'ai été en quelque sorte l'esclave de circonstances qui défiaient tout contrôle humain. Je désirerais qu'ils découvrirent pour moi, dans les détails que je vais leur donner, quelque petite oasis de fatalité dans un Sahara d'erreur."<sup>12</sup> Non, il n'a jamais pu étouffer sa conscience. Lisez le *Cœur révélateur* (*The Tell-Tale Heart*).<sup>13</sup> A la fin, un homme tué, il enterre le cadavre dans sa chambre. Devant les juges, accourus pour les constatations, il sourit, lorsque, tout à coup, il entend le cœur de la victime palpiter sous le plancher : "C'était un bruit sourd, étouffé, fréquent, ressemblant beaucoup à celui que ferait

une montre dans du coton." Personne n'entend ce bruit, sauf le criminel. Pour s'en distraire, il remue les chaises ; mais le bruit monte, monte toujours, plus fort, toujours plus fort. Alors le malheureux crie ; le bruit redouble, jusqu'à ce que, vaincu, le meurtrier s'écrie : "J'avoue la chose ! arracher ces planches ! . . . c'est là ! c'est là ! c'est le battement de son affreux cœur !" <sup>14</sup> Et cela veut dire que lui aussi, malgré des assauts réitérés pour la couvrir, il entendit toujours la voix de son cœur.

Après des excès de boisson, funestes non seulement à sa santé mais encore aux situations qu'il conquerrait péniblement, chassé des Revues où il gagnait son pain, il courbait la tête, non sans quelque grandeur, sous les reproches mérités. La correspondance abonde en aveux, repentirs, promesses. Il les oublie vite, c'est vrai ; du moins prouvent-ils que Poë gardait la conscience de sa dégradation morale. Je ne citerai plus qu'un exemple, un poème, où, en termes d'une beauté sinistre, il décrit les ruines amoncelées en son âme par la terrible passion de l'alcool. Il s'agit du *Palais hanté* (*The Haunted Palace*) :

"Dans la plus verte de nos vallées, où n'habitent que de bons anges, un vaste et beau palais dressait jadis son front. C'était dans les États du monarque Pensée, c'était là qu'il s'élevait. Jamais séraphin ne déploya ses ailes sur un édifice à moitié aussi splendide.

Des bannières éclatantes, jaunes comme l'or, flottaient et ondoyaient sur le faite. (Cela, tout cela, c'était dans des temps anciens, très lointains.) Et à chaque brise caressante qui se jouait dans la douceur du jour, tout le long des blanches murailles pavoisées s'envolaient des parfums ailés.

Les voyageurs passant par l'heureuse vallée, apercevaient à travers deux fenêtres lumineuses des esprits se mouvant harmonieusement, au rythme d'un luth bien accordé, tout autour d'un trône où se laissait voir dans tout l'éclat de sa gloire, assis comme un Porphyrogénète, le souverain de ce royaume.

Éclatante partout de perles et de rubis rayonnait la porte du beau palais, par laquelle s'écoulait à flots pressés, toujours étincelante, une troupe d'Échos, dont la douce fonction n'était que de chanter, avec des voix d'une beauté exquise, l'esprit et la sagesse du roi.

Mais des êtres funestes, en vêtements sinistres, vinrent donner assaut à la puissance du monarque (Ah ! gémissons ! car l'aube d'aucun lendemain ne luira pour lui, le désespéré) et la splendeur qui rayonnait et s'épanouissait

<sup>11</sup> William Wilson, p. 32.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 2.

<sup>13</sup> *Tales of Conscience.*

<sup>14</sup> *The Tell-Tale Heart*, p. 61.

tout autour de son palais n'est plus qu'une légende, un souvenir obscur de l'ancien temps enseveli.

Et maintenant, les voyageurs passant par la vallée n'aperçoivent plus, à travers les fenêtres enflammées de lueurs rouges, que des formes monstrueuses s'agitant de façon fantastique au bruit d'une discordante mélodie, tandis que pareille à un flot rapide et spectral, à travers la porte pâle, une foule hideuse se précipite sans relâche et rit, mais ne sait plus sourire.<sup>15</sup>

On a beaucoup reproché à Poë le goût des histoires lugubres. Je ne prétends pas l'expliquer ici. Toutefois, je me demande si, autant que les jeux d'un mystificateur ou les hallucinations d'un malade, elles ne cachent pas souvent les troubles d'une conscience aux abois ; si leur beauté étrange ne découle pas peut-être de cette lutte sourde et tragique, enfin si, considérée de ce point de vue, l'œuvre déconcertante de ce malheureux poète n'en serait pas mieux éclairée.<sup>16</sup> En exprimant cette idée, j'ouvre probablement une voie déjà battue ; je l'ignore. Mais je voudrais avoir le loisir de m'y engager, fût-ce après d'autres.

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L'attitude de Musset fut tout autre. Dans ses *Premières Poésies*, il a l'allure cavalière, un dandysme impertinent. De honte ou de remords, il n'en ressent pas. Cela s'explique : l'amour est entouré par l'opinion mondaine d'une auréole séduisante. Loin d'en rougir, on est fier de l'inspirer ou de l'éprouver. C'est pourquoi Musset en tire un orgueil naïf ; il l'étale avec un cynisme tapageur qui nous fait un peu sourire. Il s'élance en conquérant dans la vie, la bouche en fleur ; et, à cette période, il ne parle pas de l'étranger, vêtu de noir, qui lui ressemble comme un frère. Mais bientôt les déceptions accourent, à mesure que les expériences se multiplient. Il a cru que l'amour suffisait à remplir son cœur. Au vide qu'il a creusé, Musset s'aperçoit de son erreur. Bien

<sup>15</sup> *The Haunted Palace*, vol. x, edit. Stedman and Woodberry.

<sup>16</sup> Il y en a une explication plus aisée : l'influence des ballades allemandes et anglaises. Ce qu'il serait intéressant d'étudier, c'est la part qui revient à nos romantiques, Charles Nodier, Gérard de Nerval, et généralement à cette littérature fantastique qui s'épanouit chez nous entre 1820 et 1830, surtout après l'apparition des *Contes* de Hoffmann. Poë connaissait peu l'allemand. Le français au contraire lui était familier. Au contact des œuvres et des traductions françaises de cette époque peut-être a-t-il développé ses tendances à l'étrange et à l'horrible.

plus ; un fantôme s'est dressé à côté de lui ; lumineux, quand lui-même était jeune, parce que sa folle jeunesse le dorait de ses rayons, puis, enveloppé d'ombre et de tristesse, comme sa conscience. Car, c'est elle qui s'est levée du sommeil où il la tenait plongée. Elle s'est réveillée dans la Solitude ; c'est le double vêtu de noir qui lui ressemble ; et désormais, elle ne s'endormira plus. Écoutez-la dans ces beaux vers si justement fameux :<sup>17</sup>

J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,  
Et mes amis et ma gaieté ;  
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté  
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.

Quand j'ai connu la Vérité,  
J'ai cru que c'était une amie ;  
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,  
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,  
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle  
Ici-bas ont tout ignoré.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui réponde.  
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde  
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.

Musset fut le chantre de la tristesse autant que de la joie amoureuse. *La Coupe et les Lèvres*, *Rolla*, *Lorenzuccio*, *la Confession d'un enfant du siècle*, sont des œuvres imprégnées d'un pessimisme douloureux. Pourquoi ? Entre les causes diverses, voici peut-être la principale. Jadis, il croyait à l'amour absolu. Pour l'atteindre, il s'est jeté dans les plaisirs sans trêve. L'amour lui a échappé, ne lui laissant que souillures. Dans sa poursuite infatigable, il rencontre un jour la passion ; il s'arrête pour la saisir ; mais elle échappe aussi ne laissant après elle que ruines et que cendres. Alors, il a recours à toutes les expériences libertines, et il aboutit à l'effondrement de son idéal. Ce qu'il voit clairement, à cette heure, c'est sa déchéance profonde, c'est la débauche, collée à son âme, comme la robe du Nessus antique. Mais, cette dégradation, il ne l'accepte pas dans une indifférence stupide ; il pleure, il sanglote, il maudit. Ce spectre sinistre que le poète aperçoit à tous les coins de son existence, derrière tous les plaisirs, c'est le spectre de la débauche ; et ses imprécations sont le cri de

<sup>17</sup> *Poésies Nouvelles*, Tristesse.

sa conscience, une conscience troublé, si l'on veut, singulièrement complaisante, mais sincère dans ses révoltes. En vain la croit-il morte, avec Coelio. "Coelio était la bonne partie de moi-même. Elle est remontée au Ciel avec lui. Je ne sais point aimer. Coelio seul le savait. Lui seul savait verser dans une autre âme toutes les sources de bonheur qui reposaient dans la sienne. . . . Je ne suis qu'un débauché sans cœur. . . . Je ne sais pas les secrets qu'il savait. . . ." <sup>18</sup> Non ; quoique cruellement blessé, Coelio n'était pas mort. Et par ce trait s'affirme un peu plus la ressemblance avec Poë.

C'est pourquoi je réunis les deux poètes dans une même conclusion. Malgré leurs fautes et leurs folies, tous deux m'attachent et m'émeuvent, parce qu'ils souffrent, parce qu'ils pleurent, en un mot, parce que leur conscience n'est pas morte. Je n'essaie pas de les justifier, pas même de les excuser, et ceci, je le pourrais peut-être.

Mais, je ne me défends pas de ressentir beaucoup de pitié, voire cette sympathie qu'Edgar Poë mendie si humblement aux premières pages de *William Wilson*. Et, quand je parle de pitié à propos de Musset, qu'on m'entende bien. Je sais qu'il est le poète de la jeunesse, de la passion, un admirable poète ; et, qu'à ce titre, parler de pitié, c'est lui faire injure, être surabondamment ridicule. Je ne mets pas davantage en question le sujet perpétuel de ses chants, l'amour ; je ne proteste pas, malgré mes réserves intimes, contre cet idéal exclusif qu'il avait donné à sa vie d'homme et de poète. C'est par là qu'il est Musset. J'ai songé seulement au poète malheureux, désillusionné. Le conte symbolique de Poë m'a rappelé la *Nuit de Décembre* et d'autres poèmes analogues. Un rapprochement est né dans mon esprit ; et, voilà pourquoi, après avoir lu leurs souffrances, leurs luttes de conscience, je les réunis dans une sympathie commune.

E. J. DUBEDOUT.

[This brief essay, which displays the author's charitable spirit as well as his remarkable gift in the analysis of the human heart, is the last work to which he put his hand. Ernest-Jean-Baptiste Dubedout died in Paris, October 16, 1906, at the age of forty-four, of pulmonary consumption. In 1901 he had been received *Docteur-ès-Lettres en Sorbonne*.

<sup>18</sup> *Caprices de Marianne*.

His Latin thesis is a study of the poems of Gregory of Nazianze : *De D. Gregorii Nazianzeni Carminibus, Parisiis*, 1901. His French thesis, *Le Sentiment Chrétien dans la Poésie Romantique*, shows him faithful to the traditions of the Paris Faculty of Letters, for, as he says, he preferred to write "un livre d'analyse religieuse, morale et littéraire," rather than "un livre de recherches documentaires." Besides a large number of miscellaneous articles, Dr. Dubedout was the author of several studies published in *Modern Philology* : *Romantisme et Protestantisme* (Vol. I, 1903), *Les Discours de Ronsard* (ibid.), *Shakespeare et Voltaire: Othello et Zaïre* (Vol. III, 1906). Beginning in October, 1902, he had been Instructor in French Literature in the University of Chicago.—T. A. JENKINS, *Univ. of Chicago*.]

#### BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER AND THE *MIRROUR OF KNIGHTHOOD*.

In my paper on Shakespeare's *Tempest* (Clark University Press, Worcester, Mass.), I suggested the *Mirrouir of Knighthood* as a source of the plot. At present I shall attempt to show Beaumont and Fletcher's indebtedness to the same Spanish romance of chivalry. For the latter I shall quote the French translation published under the title of *Le Chevalier du Soleil* in eight volumes, and for Beaumont and Fletcher the Folio of 1679. My allusions to the *Mirrouir of Knighthood* will be easily understood, however, by a reference to the paper previously mentioned. I begin with *Philaster*, where the concluding scenes are founded on a story in the *Mirrouir of Knighthood*, viz. : the Reconciliation Scene at the beginning of the third volume of *Le Chevalier du Soleil*. Rosicler loves Olivia, daughter of Oliver, King of England, but is refused by the father on account of an old feud. Olivia is to be married to the Prince of Portugal, but Rosicler elopes with her. Later on he delivers Oliver and the Prince of Portugal from death, provides another princess for the latter and settles the old feud by his impassioned pleading for mercy. The King in the *Philaster* corresponds to Oliver, Arethusa to Oliva, and Pharamond to the Prince of Portugal. It is also possible that Euphrasia has been derived from Eufronisa (*Le Chevalier du Soleil*, VII, 159), but her rôle modified under the influence of Montemayor. The authors indicate their source in the phrase, "My Royal Rosicler" (Act v, p. 38). There seems to be a borrowing in the *Tempest*



from *Philaster*, viz., the reason why Prospero has not been put to death. I may also call attention to a common hispanicism in *Philaster*, consisting in the use of the verb *to leave* with an infinitive in the meaning of *to cease*. This hispanicism occurs only once in Shakespeare and that in a play borrowed from Montemayor. The allusion in *Philaster* to the *Mirroure of Knighthood* is full of sympathy and enthusiasm. But the feeling changes in the plays written after Cervantes' immortal satire had reached the authors. Such is, for instance, the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where we find the following passage (Act I, p. 50):

"I wonder why the Kings do not raise an Army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rocieler."

Here we find Rosicler and the Prince of Portugal. The passage preceding the one just quoted is from *Palmerin of England*, and alludes to Palmerin de Oliva (grandfather of Palmerin of England) and Trineo of Germany rescuing the Princess Agriola from the hands of the giant Farnaque. The *Mirroure of Knighthood* itself is alluded to Act II, p. 53. Rosiclere is mentioned again Act II, p. 58. The hispanicism occurs here too. In the *Wild-Goose Chase* the Knight o' th' Sun is mentioned (Act I, p. 448). In the *Faithful Shepherdess* where the hispanicism occurs again, the passage, Act II, p. 219:

"I'll swear she met me 'mongst  
the shady Sycamores . . . Hobinall"

is a reminiscence from the *Mirroure of Knighthood* (p. 210 of my pamphlet). Both Hobinall in the *Faithful Shepherdess* and Anibardo in the *Mirroure of Knighthood* are corruptions of Hannibal, a very common method of coining names in the romances of chivalry. The Knight o' th' Sun is mentioned again in the *Scornful Lady*, Act III, p. 71. In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, the combat between Palamon and Arcite, each accompanied by three knights, is a reminiscence from the *Mirroure of Knighthood* (p. 210 of my pamphlet). In the drowning scene, the authors may have used besides Hamlet, a similar scene in the *Mirroure of Knighthood* (*Le Chevalier du Soleil*, vol. I, p. 423), where the young lady is rescued. The plum broth, Act III, p. 437, is Fletcher's dish (*The*

*Honest Man's Fortune*, Act V, p. 527), unknown to Shakespeare. We find again "Cavellero Knight o' th' Sun" in the *Little French Lawyer*, Act II, p. 343. In the *Women Pleas'd*, the following phrase:

"old knight's adventures, full of enchanted flames, and dangerous"—

is a reference to the *Mirroure of Knighthood* (p. 212 of my pamphlet). Finally, in the *Widow*, which is not in the Folio, the scheme to entrap Valeria seems to be a borrowing from the *Mirroure of Knighthood* (p. 212 of my pamphlet).

As far back as January 31, 1885, the well-known German poet, Edmund Dorer, published in the *Magazin für die Litteratur des In- und Auslandes*, an article suggesting Antonio de Eslava's *Noches de Invierno*, Pamplona, 1609, as the source of the *Tempest*. The authorities of the Royal Library of Berlin having been kind enough to send here a copy of the Brussels edition of the *Noches de Invierno*—which I had the opportunity of studying,—I can add two additional proofs of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Antonio de Eslava. On page 27 of the *Noches de Invierno*, we have two sailors making their escape in a storm on two butts of malmsey, and on page 335 the speech of the serpent has a great resemblance to what is said of Caliban (*Tempest*, Act I, sc. 2). Eslava's own source was partly the *Mirroure of Knighthood* and partly the story of Leone in Ariosto, where, as has been already suggested, Leone takes the place of a princess, say, Florippes in *Les Conquêtes de Charlemagne*. I found also evidences of Beaumont and Fletcher's indebtedness to Antonio de Eslava; for example, the combat in the *Knight of Malta*, Act II, p. 149, which is borrowed from a similar combat between Mauricio and Gaulo Casio in *Antonio de Eslava*, p. 228. The chief point is that the villain engages another man to fight for him and the combatants thus happen to be two brothers or two friends. Beaumont and Fletcher's indebtedness to another source—*La Enemiga Favorable*, by Francisco Tárrega—may be also mentioned *en passant*.

In *Women Pleas'd*, we find a borrowing from the Story of Roland in *Antonio de Eslava*, Silvio corresponding to Milon de Anglante, and Belvidere to Berta and the Serpent. The cave where Bel-

videre dwells indicates clearly the borrowing, and also the city of Siena, which Eslava substituted for Sutri. Child Rowland is also alluded to elsewhere (*The Tamer Tamed*, Act II, p. 253), but that need not be a reference to Eslava.

As to the story in *The Mirrour of Knighthood* which I take to be the source of the *Tempest*, it seems to be borrowed from *Palmerin de Oliva*, where it amounts to this. The king finds his brother Netrido sitting on his throne and in anger exiles him from his dominions. The feud is settled by Netrido's son Frisolo marrying Armida, a daughter of the king's son. A marriage between first cousins, objection to which is expressly stated in *Palmerin de Oliva*, is thus avoided in a way different from that used by Shakespeare. I am now inclined to think that Shakespeare borrowed the name Prospero from Prospero Colonna, who is mentioned with great praise in *Antonio de Eslava*, while Beaumont and Fletcher borrowed the surname for the Knight of Malta, just as they borrowed the Admiral Norandino, from Francisco Tárraga's *La Enemiga Favorable*.

The indebtedness of the *Mirrour of Knighthood* to *Palmerin de Oliva* seems in fact to be very great besides the name of the chief hero in the *Mirrour*—the Knight of the Sun. So, for instance, the story of Luciano and Policena, retold on page 210 of my pamphlet on the *Tempest*, appears to be a combination of the Story of Ariodanto and Ginevra in *Ariosto* with the story of Duardo and Cardonia in *Palmerin de Oliva*. As the last borrower from the *Mirrour of Knighthood*, I should quote Sir Walter Scott, where Cedric in the eighth chapter of *Ivanhoe* is an imitation of Adriano in *Le Chevalier du Soleil*, vol. II, f. 221.

Finally, the plot of the *Double Marriage* seems to be borrowed from the story of Bernardo and the Mooress in *Antonio de Eslava*, but, not having the Spanish book at hand, I cannot enter into further details.

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#### ON THE INFLECTION OF THE OLD ENGLISH LONG-STEMMED ADJECTIVE.

The following study aims to show definitely the norm for the neuter nom.-acc. plural form, strong, of the long-stemmed adjective in Old English. Hitherto, the student, following, for example, the paradigm in the Sievers-Cook *Grammar*, p. 217, has expected in his texts only the uninflected form, *god*, *eald*, etc. Or, following, for example, Baskervill and Harrison's *Outlines of Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, p. 30, he has been led to regard the uninflected *god* as the norm and the inflected *gode* as the exception.

This study will perhaps suggest that our paradigms should show *gode*, with *-e* analogous to the corresponding masculine form, standing first as the norm, and *god* appended as the comparatively rare exception. The following citations in support of this were collected incidentally by me, while reading through the texts for a different purpose; however, they include practically every occurrence of this form in the eleven prose texts given below, which fairly constitute the corpus of the Alfredian prose period. Citation from the later prose I omit, since it is agreed that by the time of Ælfric the analogic inflected form in *-e* had become the rule. The poetic texts, save for a few examples incorporated from the *Psalms* and from *Boethius*, I exclude, since the exigencies of metre might tend to make the poetry an uncertain witness in the case.

Therefore, the following early prose writings, from the Alfredian cycle, have been chosen as a fair field in which to test the ratio of frequency between the inflected and the uninflected neuter plural, between *god* and *gode*. I have aimed to list every occurrence in these texts: The Parker ms. of the *Chronicle* (= *Chron.*), Earl and Plummer, Oxford, 1892; *Libri Psalmorum* (= *Ps.*), Thorpe, Oxon., 1835; *Orosius* (= *O.*), Sweet, London, 1883; *Bede* (= *Bede*), Miller, London, 1890; *Boethius* (= *Bo.*), Sedgefield, Oxford, 1899; *Augustine's Soliloquies* (= *Sol.*), Hargrove, Boston, 1902; *Pastoral Care* (= *P. C.*), Sweet, London, 1871; *Gregory's Dialogs* (= *Dial.*), Hecht, Leipzig, 1900; *Gospels* (= *Gos.*), Skeat, Cambridge, 1871-87; *Guthlac* (= *Guth.*), Good-

win, London, 1848; *Martyrology* (= *Mart.*), Herzfeld, London, 1900.

In these eleven texts 401 examples of the form in question were found: 292 = inflected; 109 = uninflected—a ratio of 3:1 in favor of *gode*.

In the individual works contributing to the above total, the ratios of inflexion to non-inflexion will appear from the following figures denoting the actual occurrences: *Ps.* = 78 inflected: 27 uninflected; *O.* = 10:4; *Bo.* = 13:6; *Sol.* = 9:1; *Dial.* = 39:4; *Gos.* = 108:3; *Guth.* = 11:3; *Mart.* = 6:3. *Chron.* shows a balance, 3:3; while only *Bede* and *P. C.* show reverse ratios; viz., 13:28 and 2:27, respectively.

Classification of these 401 instances according to the grammatical function or position of the adjective corroborates the above ratio of 3:1 in favor of the inflected norm. In the attributive position are 229 inflected: 86 uninflected; in the appositive, the numbers are 21:6. In the predicate function are 39 inflected: 13 uninflected; in the objective predicate function alone is the ratio reversed, 2:4—where the numbers are so small as not to merit consideration.

Finally, a grouping of these 401 examples with reference to the words exemplified is interesting. For brevity's sake let this appear as follows:

Most frequent is *eall*, 132:52 in favor of inflexion; then *min* and *ðin*, 96:25, likewise. These three words, it will be noted, yield 305 of the 401 examples. The remaining 96 consist of "stems long by position," 24 inflected: 6 uninflected; and of "stems long by nature," 40:26, respectively. In addition to the frequent *eall*, the remaining words of the former class are: *æfest*, *arfull*, *beorht*, *betst*, *ceald*, *earn*, *full*, *geseald*, *geworht*, *healf*, *hwile*, *lang*, *leoht*, *manigfeald*, *soðfæst*, *swile*, *toward*, *wearm*, (*un-*)*weorð*, *wild*, *ymbseald*; to the second "long by nature" class belong, in addition to the frequent *min* and *ðin*, (*un-*)*cwð*, *dead*, *gedon*, *gelic*, *god*, (*un-*)*hal*, *hat*, *heah*, *hwit*, *leaf*, *sið*, *soð*, *wid*.

Why, then, not make our paradigm of the neuter plural<sup>1</sup> strong, not *god*, nor *god(e)*, but *gode*, *god*?

<sup>1</sup> Interesting examples of adjective agreement with diverse genders are: *Mart.* 152. 7 *se beard* ond *ðæt fear* him wæron oð *ða fet side*; *Bede*, 158. 1 *ða gemette* he his *earn* ond his *hond swa hale* ond *swa gesunde*; *id.* 422. 11 he *monig mynster* ond *ciricean* in *ðæm londe getimbrede*.

The table below will make clear the minuter details of the statements above.

	<i>Chron.</i>	<i>Ps.</i>	<i>O.</i>	<i>Bede.</i>	<i>Bo.</i>	<i>Sol.</i>	<i>P. C.</i>	<i>Dial.</i>	<i>Gos.</i>	<i>Guth.</i>	<i>Mart.</i>	Total.
Attributive . . . . .	92	8	1	13	28	10	4	39	108	3	6	292
Appositive . . . . .	3	3	78	27	13	6	9	1	2	26	5	229
Predicate . . . . .	0	0	3	2	5	2	0	8	12	3	0	39
Objective Pred. . . . .	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2
Total . . . . .	3	27	10	13	13	9	2	39	108	11	6	292
	3	27	4	28	6	1	27	4	3	3	3	109

Full citations, which may be used in verification of the above statements, are appended.

#### I. INFLECTED FORMS = (292).

- Attributive: *Chron.* 92. 8 = (1). *Ps.* 6. 6; 8. 7; 9. 1; 12. 4; 16. 2; 17. 27; 24. 13; 30. 2, 10; 32. 4; 44. 2; 55. 5, 11; 73. 16; 79. 13; 88. 16, 27, 28; 89. 1; 91. 4; 95. 5; 103. 19, 23; 104. 1; 105. 7; 108. 13; 118. 4, 6, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 37, 40, 48, 60, 63, 73, 78, 83, 86, 98, 101, 134, 143, 146, 166, 173; 120. 1; 122. 1, 2; 127. 4; 130. 1; 137. 1;

138. 7; 140. 8; 141. 2; 142. 5; 144. 10; 147. 1, 3 = (62). *O.* 19. 7; 108. 25; 110. 17; 216. 4; 224. 27; 226. 4; 264. 19 = (7). *Bede* 30. 2; 40. 29; 128. 29; 342. 12; 402. 14; 410. 5, 12; 428. 16; 438. 25 = (9). *Bo.* 41. 28; 79. 25, 28; 82. 10; 89. 16; 121. 4, 9 = (7). *Sol.* 28. 8; 35. 2; 43. 20; 45. 3, 5; 48. 12 = (6). *P. C.* 60. 7; 303. 9 = (2). *Dial.* 4. 16; 57. 27, 28; 58. 8; 98. 15; 119. 19; 127. 18; 132. 25; 141. 2; 148. 6; 163. 4; 171. 2; 182. 9; 214. 3; 228. 7; 230. 22; 234. 19, 26, 27; 251. 7; 252. 6; 268. 18; 293. 6, 9; 311. 25; 315. 2; 327. 9; 333. 4 = (28). *Gos.*: *Matt.* 2. 16; 4. 8; 5. 18; 6. 32, 33; 7. 12; 24. 26; 8. 33; 13. 34, 51, 56; 17. 11; 19. 26, 27; 22. 4; 23. 5, 36, 37; 24. 8, 34; 27. 35; 28. 11, 20; *Mark* 4. 11; 6. 2; 7. 23, 37; 8. 38; 9. 12, 23; 10. 28; 11. 11; 13. 4; 23. 30; 14. 36; *Luke* 2. 19, 30, 39, 51; 4. 5; 5. 28; 7. 1; 9. 7; 11. 22, 41; 12. 18, 30; 13. 34; 14. 17; 15. 13, 31; 18. 28, 31; 19. 44; 21. 29, 32; 24. 44; *John* 1. 3; 3. 25; 4. 25, 29, 39, 45; 5. 20; 9. 10, 11, 15, 17, 26, 30; 10. 14, 27, 32, 41; 12. 32, 47, 48; 13. 3; 14. 15, 21, 26; 15. 7, 15, 21; 16. 30; 17. 7; 18. 4; 19. 24, 28; 21. 15, 16, 17, 25 = (95). *Guth.* 44. 25; 50. 28; 52. 19; 54. 13; 62. 16; 78. 11; 90. 2 = (7). *Mart.* 28. 21; 80. 6; 94. 1; 146. 1; 212. 19 = (5). Totals = (229).

2. Appositive: *Chron.* 78. 18; 89. 20 = (2). *Ps.* 76. 4, 5; 83. 1; 87. 12; 100. 6; 110. 5; 114. 8; 118. 123, 136, 148; 138. 14; 141. 2 = (12). *Bede* 164. 10; 430. 29 = (2). *Dial.* 81. 15; 141. 24; 237. 4 = (3). *Gos.*: *Luke* 16. 14 = (1). *Guth.* 14. 9 = (1). *Mart.* 158. 24 = (1). Totals = (22).

3. Predicate: *Ps.* 25. 9; 83. 1; 87. 9; 108. 24 = (4). *O.* 10. 24; 42. 14; 110. 2 = (3). *Bede* 60. 3; 388. 3 = (2). *Bo.* 16. 11; 24. 11; 30. 31; 87. 25; 90. 17 = (5). *Sol.* 27. 19; 31. 8 = (2). *Dial.* 41. 21; 76. 3; 134. 3; 182. 25; 244. 18; 297. 4; 318. 14; 348. 7 = (8). *Gos.*: *Matt.* 11. 20, 21, 23, 27; 17. 2; *Luke* 4. 7; 6. 30; 10. 13, 22; *John* 10. 41; 16. 15; 17. 10 = (12). *Guth.* 6. 10; 12. 25; 62. 16 = (3). Totals = (39).

4. Objective Predicate: *Bo.* 79. 28 = (1). *Sol.* 28. 10 = (1). Totals = (2).

## II. UNINFLECTED FORMS = (109).

1. Attributive: *Chron.* 10. 16 = (1). *Ps.* 6. 2; 15. 1; 16. 6; 21. 15; 25. 7; 27. 6; 30. 11, 12; 31. 3; 32. 6; 33. 20; 34. 11; 41. 12; 53. 2; 58. 10; 66. 6; 74. 2; 91. 4; 101. 4; 118. 172; 129. 2; 138. 12; 144. 5 = (23). *O.* 138. 31; 146. 23; 264. 25; 290. 4 = (4). *Bede* 26. 13; 28. 8; 60. 25; 64. 25; 102. 15; 114. 31; 116. 30; 120. 2; 160. 13; 200. 8; 216. 33; 352. 24; 356. 5; 368. 20; 424. 9; 440. 3; 454. 6; 466. 31 = (18). *Bo.* 32. 15; 90. 17; xi. 61; xx. 44 = (4). *Sol.* 35. 4 = (1). *P. C.* 4. 5; 8. 20; 42. 5; 54. 19, 22; 86. 4; 110. 22; 128. 8; 222. 10; 230. 11; 272. 10; 286. 12; 310. 16; 324. 24; 338. 11; 372. 12, 23; 391. 15; 395. 18; 405. 25; 413. 17; 421. 10; 443. 36; 445. 16, 21, 26 = (26). *Dial.* 3. 21; 4. 15; 32. 27; 331. 26 = (4). *Guth.* 20. 16; 88. 21 = (2). *Mart.* 82. 11; 142. 16; 212. 15 = (3). Totals = (86).

2. Appositive: *Chron.* 86. 24; 91. 3 = (2). *Ps.* 74. 2; 104. 1 = (2). *Bede* 66. 14; 88. 32 = (2). Totals = (6).

3. Predicate: *Ps.* 11. 7; 49. 11 = (2). *Bede* 62. 12; 178. 15; 376. 2; 386. 24; 426. 12; 476. 1 = (6). *Bo.* ii. 18 = (1). *P. C.* 128. 8 = (1). *Gos.*: *Matt.* 11. 20; *Mark* 11. 21; *John* 16. 13 = (3). Totals = (13).

4. Objective predicate: *Bede* 60. 6; 74. 21 = (2). *Bo.* xx. 44 = (1). *Guth.* 54. 13 = (1). Totals = (4).

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## NOTES ON THE "NEW ENGLAND SHORT O."

The so-called New England short *o* (*ö*)<sup>1</sup> is a phenomenon frequently remarked by the casual traveler and commonly noted by the orthoëpist: —the subject of much amusement and of some sober-minded approval; but by scholars generally

<sup>1</sup> Throughout this article the symbol *ö* is used to designate the ordinary English long *o*, long close *o*, with the vanish; *ȫ*, the New England short *o*; and *ö*, the recognized "short *o*," as in *hot*.



thrust, often regretfully, into the limbo of provincialisms. It occurs in the form of pronunciation, once almost universal in New England and still common there, of long *o* ( $\bar{o}$ ) in a number of words, chiefly popular (as opposed to learned), and varying somewhat with individuals and localities. These words range from downright dialectic forms, such as *stōn*, *cōt*, *tōd* (for *stone*, *coat*, *toad*), to forms persisting in the speech of many discriminating and well-educated men and by them stoutly maintained, as in *whole*, *holster*, *poultry* (contrast with *hole*, *hole stir*, *pole-ax*). Webster's *International Dictionary* calls it a pronunciation "which does not give the vanish, and takes a wider form than  $\bar{o}$  (*old*), and the same as  $\bar{o}$  (*obey*) brought under the accent:"<sup>2</sup> and note has several times been made that there is in English no other short *o* corresponding closely in quality to the regular long *o* ( $\bar{o}$ ).<sup>3</sup>

I should like to call attention to the following points:—

1. The New England short *o* ( $\check{o}$ ) is not long *o* ( $\bar{o}$ ) minus the vanish. It is not only a little "wider" in character; it is sufficiently wider so that, although in sound quality it is much nearer our long close *o* ( $\bar{o}$ ) than to long open *o* (*o* as in *broad*), if we imagine a vanish sound, it is the vanish sound of the latter—i. e., the sound approximating  $\bar{e}$  in *her* or  $u$  in *urn* minus the *r*, on the one hand, and  $\check{u}$  (as in *cut*), on the other, which we shall designate  $\bar{e}$ , as the closest approximation,—rather than the *oo* type of vanish that we get from the long close *o* ( $\bar{o}$ ). Indeed, the writer would not agree with those who dismiss the  $\check{o}$  as having no vanish. He would grant, to be sure, that it has no such distinct vanish as has the  $\bar{o}$ , that whatever vanish there be is very much syncopated; but he would maintain that the  $\bar{e}$  vanish would be as distinct as that after long open *o* (*ou* in *brought*, *au* in *caught*),—itself sometimes treated as though possessing no vanish,—did not the greater change of pitch that comes with the pronunciation of a long syllable because it is long accentuate in the latter case the effect of the vanish. Still, it must be admitted

that this inchoate vanish of  $\check{o}$  is due rather to the dying away of the breath pressure and to the change in the resonant properties of the buccal cavity as the tongue is propped than to any reshaping of the mouth organs in vocalic sequence.<sup>4</sup>

2. The  $\check{o}$  bears the same relation to  $\bar{o}$  that  $\bar{oo}$  (*ou*) does to  $\bar{oo}$  (*ou*): (*foot*, *would*; *food*, *wooded*). In each correspondence the long sound has shortened as to time, has become slightly more open, and glides on to the succeeding consonant as though it had the vanish, very much syncopated, of the full open form (i. e., the  $\bar{e}$ ,  $\check{u}$  vanish). Cp. *cood* and *could*.

3. Certain homonyms receiving the  $\check{o}$  in one sense keep the  $\bar{o}$ , even in New England, in the other, the distinction thus serving, though probably only incidentally, as a means of discrimination. Thus *lōad*, *lōwed*; *rōad*, *rōwed* (*rode* doubtful; in some cases *rōde* (vid. Professor E. S. Sheldon's comment on the word on p. xx of the *Proceedings of the American Philological Association* for 1883). It has been pointed out that the words pronounced with the  $\check{o}$  are most of them (they are not all) popular rather than learned words; and the exemption of *goat*, in which the sound is always  $\bar{o}$ , from the sound change that befell so many of its fellows (*coat*, *boat* (?), etc.), has been accounted for on the ground that to the New Englander, by the circumstances of his life, *goat* was a learned word. In the case of the homonyms mentioned above, it will be noted that all are popular words, but that those having the  $\check{o}$  would be to the New Englander probably a little the commoner. The forms in  $\bar{o}$ , too, are both preterits whose presents end in the vowel  $\bar{o}$ , hence would be held somewhat by analogy.<sup>5</sup> Eng-

<sup>4</sup> It is interesting to note, in passing, that our *oo* sound, itself the vanish of *o* and often treated as terminal, tends to give an indistinct vanish in  $\bar{e}$  in those words of which it is the final and accented sound. This too is due to the dying away of the breath, and to the retraction of the lips from the characteristic *oo* shape before the voicing is absolutely complete. If we exaggerate this final element greatly, we get an intrusive *w* sound: e. g., *do* < *doó-wē* (or *doó-wū*).  $\bar{e}$  >  $\check{u}$  is, in fact, the sound produced by voicing, with the vocal organs at the position of rest.

<sup>5</sup> *Bellow*, which has a dialectic preterit sounding something like one with an  $\check{o}$ , gets it, as a matter of fact, not in this way, but from the corruption "*beller*" < "*bellered*," in which the *r*-sound, according to rustic New England custom, becomes almost inaudible.

<sup>2</sup> P. lxiii.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. *Century Dictionary*, O; Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, p. 57; Whitney's *Oriental and Linguistic Studies*, II, 216.

lish, indeed, seems to find it difficult to end monosyllables with a short vowel, unless in interjections; so also with the *ö*, this therein differentiating itself from the semi-open *o* in Italian, which in quality it very closely resembles.

4. Practically all words in the language—the writer cannot recall a single instance to the contrary—ending in *olt* receive the New England shortening. Even *revolt*, generally, and correctly, pronounced by the New Englander *re-völt*, is sometimes rendered *re-völt* by those who are evidently thinking of the preferred pronunciation *revölt*. This termination, if such we consider it, gives us, indeed, our largest single class of words subject to the New England shortening: e. g., *bolt*, *colt* and *Colt* (proper name), *dolt*, *Holt* (proper name), and *holt* (a learned word), *jolt*, *molt* (*moult*), *volt*; note also *molten*, *poultice* and *poultry*.

The *ö* in such words might be speciously attributed to the absorption of a part of the vowel length because of the necessity for dwelling on the neighboring liquid. This, however, would bring us face to face with an astonishing anomaly. Words ending in *old* (or the *old* sound), many of them popular, are as uniform in their preservation of the full *ö* quality. Contrast *bold* and *bolt*; *cold* and *colt*; *doled* and *dolt*; *hold*<sup>6</sup> and *Holt*; (*ca*)-*joled* and *jolt*; *mo(u)ld* and *mo(u)lt* (cp. *molten* and *molten*). Nor can the retention of *ö* in *old* words be due simply to the existence of some corresponding word in *olt*; for *fold*, *gold*, *sold*, and the like keep equally the long sound. Possibly the “voicing” of the *d*, giving a less violent

stop than the comparatively abrupt termination of *t*, may accommodate a dwelling on a preceding vowel and the rounding of it with a vanish. Yet this fact, by itself, seems hardly adequate as explanation. In words like *bold*, motion of the lips, due in part to their rounding in the vanish, in part to their subsequent withdrawal, accompanies, and even follows, the propping of the tongue to form the liquid and dental. This is not the case, at least to any such extent, in words like *bolt*.

That there is, however, something that, in this domain, approaches being a phonetic law seems to be indicated by the concomitant change that comes with the single apparent exception to uniformity. The noun *hold* is sometimes corrupted to a form with *ö*; but when this is the case, it gets also the *t* terminal sound,—as in the “*holds*” (for “*holds*”) of rustic wrestlers. This form “*holt*,” be it noted, is not exclusively New England. It is mentioned, for instance, in dialect in a novel of which the scene of action is laid in the cattle ranges of West Virginia.<sup>7</sup>

5. Now and then, in an accented syllable,<sup>8</sup> the *ö* is used as a substitute for *ö* as well as for *ö*. I have heard a brakeman call “*Böstön*,” though this pronunciation is certainly not widespread. *Höspitable*, *höstage*, and *höstile*,<sup>9</sup> though not common, are so often met with as to be not unfamiliar. This pronunciation is generally uttered with a certain unction, not necessarily offensive but perfectly palpable, as though the speaker were pluming himself upon a purer enunciation. Its use is no doubt often due more to idiosyncrasy than to unconscious compliance with phonetic tendencies,—is substitution, for whimsical reasons, of one sound with which the speakers are already familiar for another; yet it is certainly characteristic, and may be significant, that in all four

<sup>6</sup> Professor Sheldon, in the article already referred to, goes so far as to say that the *ö* never occurs to his knowledge in “*hold*.” Very rarely, however, in the expression “*Hold on!*” we do get the *ö*; but this occurs only when the enunciation is very slovenly and the *d* is thrown over to the following word, making the pronunciation “*höldön*” < “*Now wöldön!*” Note, too, the distinction between the syllable division of the archaic participle *holden* (*höld-’n*) and that of the place name *Holden* (practically always divided, in pronunciation at least, *Hol-den*, and as such often receiving the *ö*).

“*Old*,” too, if when rapidly following “*the*” it ever be given the *ö*, as to which I am skeptical but not disposed to dogmatise, receives it with the most extreme infrequency; and the result would be felt to be individual and slovenly by those who would pass by *töad* and *stöne* as matters of course.

<sup>7</sup> *Dwellers in the Hills*, by M. D. Post, 1901, p. 51.

<sup>8</sup> In unaccented syllables there is a recognized intermediate form of *o*, occurring in words like *obey*, *omit*.

<sup>9</sup> *Revolt* possesses sanctioned pronunciation both as *revölt* and as *revölt*. *Revölt* is probably from the former. *Vid. supra*. So probably *extöl* from the pronunciation *extöl*, to which the *Century Dictionary* has given its sanction, rather than from the somewhat commoner *extöl*. *Extöl* is very rare; *extölled* I do not remember ever to have heard. This, in its slight way, is confirmatory of the point made above as to the unmodified character of the *ö* sound in *öld* (sound) words.

cases the *o* metamorphosed occurs after the aspirate, and in *Boston* as well before *s*.<sup>10</sup>

6. One reason why the New England shortening did not take place in more of the popular words is very likely the alternative New England practice of nasalization. Nasalize *ō*, and the vowel itself tends to break into *ē-ōō*, still tolerably like its prototype; nasalize *ō̃*, and it tends to broaden into the obviously different, though bordering, sound of long open *o* (*ou* as in *brought*, *au* as in *fraught*). *Wrote*, for example, is frequently nasalized into *re<sub>N</sub>oot*; *croak*, into *cre<sub>N</sub>ook*; and *road* is almost as often *re<sub>N</sub>ood*, as *rōd*.

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## A GLANCE AT WORDSWORTH'S READING.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

To his average acquaintance Wordsworth is a comforting type of poet: in order to appreciate him, so it seems, one does not need to know very much. Whatever he may be to a learned intimate like M. Legouis or Mr. Hutchinson, to the labor shunning dilettante—and even to many a serious student of English literature—the poet of Rydal is a great non-reading seer of nature, uninfluenced by books and neglectful of bookish lore, a genius who in a peculiar sense may be contemplated apart and fully understood without recourse to conventional and irksome scholarly helps. Insisting very properly upon accurate first-hand observation of the outer world as a basis, though not the only basis, for poetical imagery, he owes, if we accept the prevalent view, no literary debts such as Shakespeare and Milton patently display,

<sup>10</sup>There is much greater probability of significance in the apparently unvarying succession of *s* than in the occasional precedence of *h*. To the examples mentioned above add *ōstracise*, *ōsborne* and *ōsgood* (the hissing *s* giving place to the buzzing *s* before voiced sonants), *ōscar*, *Yōst*, and *Cōstigan*. And oddly enough the words in *ō* followed by *s* do not get the *ō̃*. Note *bōast*, *cōast*, *ghōst*, *hōst*, *rōast*, *tōast* and *pōst*; *pōsthumous*, *pōstulate*, and *pōsture* waver occasionally toward the *ō̃*,—not so *pōstman* and *pōstscript*.

<sup>1</sup>This article is based on a paper delivered before the Modern Language Association of America, at Haverford, Pa., December 28, 1905.

and Tennyson, for all his occasional reluctance, may be forced to acknowledge. "He had," affirms Mr. John Morley, echoing Emerson, "no teachers nor inspirers save nature and solitude."<sup>2</sup> Could anything be more explicit? Professor Dowden, it is true, a well schooled Wordsworthian, puts the case more gently: "He read what pleased him and what he considered best, but he had not the wide ranging passion for books of a literary student";<sup>3</sup> the veteran critic of Dublin would be far from seconding Mr. Morley's surprising dictum as it stands, yet here at least he seems not unbiased by traditional opinion. Dr. Brandes, of course, acquires his ideas about the "Lake School" largely from popular authorities, and utters nothing new when he asserts that "Wordsworth would never describe anything with which he was not perfectly familiar";<sup>4</sup> a statement that seems to be corroborated by the poet's latest hierophant, Professor Raleigh, whose oracle speaks thus:

"It is the interest of Wordsworth's career, studied as an episode in literary history, that it takes us at once to the root of the matter, and shows us the genesis of poetry from its living material, without literary intermediary. . . . The dominant passion of Wordsworth's life owed nothing to books."<sup>5</sup>

He had no teachers, no inspirers, save nature and solitude. The dominant impulse of his life, the poetical impulse, owed nothing to books. Is it profitable to trace the growth of so untenable a paradox, a paradox which Wordsworth, most sensible and straightforward of men, would have been the first to refute? In the main its causes have been three. First, an every day reluctance among the uninitiated to credit *any* genius with the need of external assistance in his work, and an allied indolent reluctance among half initiated critics to grant that studying his "sources,"—the books that he "devoured, or studiously perused,"—will ever aid us in understanding a seer;—as if we did not want a poet's education in order to look with

<sup>2</sup>*Studies in Literature* by John Morley, 1904, p. 5. Compare Emerson, *English Traits*, p. 243: "He had no master but nature and solitude." (*Emerson's Complete Works*, Riverside Edition, 1896, Vol. v.)

<sup>3</sup>*Poems of Wordsworth*, ed. Dowden, 1898, p. xxxvii.

<sup>4</sup>*Main Currents*, Vol. iv.

<sup>5</sup>*Wordsworth*, by Walter Raleigh, 1903, pp. 44, 45.

a poet's eyes. Second, specifically, a persistent misinterpretation of two of Wordsworth's minor pieces, namely, "Expostulation and Reply" and "The Tables Turned," in which hasty brains have fancied that the poet records permanent, not transient, moods; that he is wholly in earnest, not half playful; that he is speaking in his own character, not in two imaginatively assumed voices; that he here seriously and finally rejects all inspiration from the great nature that exists in established art and science. In "The Prelude," where he is writing strict autobiography, Wordsworth may be relied on to give us a true account of his usual attitude toward the world of books, and in that poem, if we listen with care, he tells us a story of deep indebtedness to literary influence,—of the constant relation between a great and happy poet and the best and happiest hours of the past.

The third cause of widespread misapprehension about Wordsworth as a student of both poetry and science is this: the popular conception of the man neglects his earlier life, when he read much, for his later, when he necessarily read less. Brandes's picture,<sup>6</sup> which is conventional enough, is a caricature of Wordsworth's personality in after years when most of his work was done, when he had become a well known literary figure and was sought out by the lion-hunters. Undoubtedly as he grew older Wordsworth became less and less of a reader. Increasing social demands, repeated prostrations by bereavement, occasional visits in London and various tours on the Continent must latterly have made substantial inroads upon such leisure time as he might otherwise, perhaps, have devoted to study. However, as the years went by, a vital hindrance to protracted scholarly pursuits arose in his failing eyesight. The weakness of his eyes had indeed helped to deter Wordsworth as a young man, uncertain of his future, from "taking orders" or entering a learned profession like the law. If his vision was any stronger later on when he began definitely to prepare himself for the career of a poet, it was overtaxed, in all probability, by the arduous scholarly side of that preparation. Wordsworth must have suffered from some sort of ophthalmic

defect nearly all his life.<sup>7</sup> By the time he was fifty or sixty years old, though his general health was robust, his eyes were ruined,—and ruined not wholly by the clerical tasks incidental to his own composition, since members of his family had always relieved him of a certain amount of his copying. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1906, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt printed a letter from Wordsworth to Lamb (dated "Sunday, Jany. 10th, 1830"), an extract from which offers eloquent reason why the poet of Rydal Mount could not indulge "the wide ranging passion for books of a literary student":

"My dear Lamb, . . . Your present of Hone's Book was very acceptable . . . I wished to enter a little minutely into notice of the Dramatic Extracts, and on account of the smallness of the print deferred doing so till longer days would allow one to read without candle light which I have long since given up. But alas when the days lengthened my eyesight departed, and for many months I could not read three minutes at a time. You will be sorry to hear that this infirmity still hangs about me, and almost cuts me off from reading altogether."

"His eyes alas!" adds his sister in a postscript, "are very weak and so will I fear remain through life; but with proper care he does not suffer much."<sup>8</sup>

For this reason alone it may be grossly unfair, then, to intimate, as F. W. H. Myers and Mr. Morley have done, that Wordsworth regarded the literary work of his later contemporaries with indifference: "Byron and Shelley he seems scarcely to have read; and he failed altogether to appreciate Keats."<sup>9</sup> As a matter of fact, all three of

<sup>7</sup> Here is a case for that literary eye-specialist, Dr. Geo. M. Gould, M. D., of Philadelphia; cf. his address on *Eyestrain and the Literary Life* in *The Canada Lancet*, October, 1903. Dr. Gould apparently goes so far as to think that all the unfortunate aspects in the lives of De Quincey, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, etc., are attributable to unusual burdens laid upon defective vision.

<sup>8</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 97, p. 255.

<sup>9</sup> Wordsworth, *Poetical Works*, with an Introduction by John Morley, p. lii. In his *Studies in Literature*, where Mr. Morley has reprinted this Introduction as a separate essay, the objectionable sentence from Myers is now omitted.

<sup>6</sup> *Main Currents*, Vol. iv, pp. 43, 44, etc.



these authors were on Wordsworth's book-shelves when he died; two of them certainly, Byron and Shelley, he had read in one form or another with care, Shelley, as the *Life of Gladstone* shows, with distinct admiration.<sup>10</sup> Under the circumstances, little discredit might attach to Wordsworth had he not read them at all, but, when he considered how his light was spent, given his whole attention to what pleased him more and what he considered best,—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. In reality, the astonishing thing is how well he kept up with current poetry even late in his career; and the unfortunate, how strangely he has been misrepresented as apathetic toward the literary productions of others, not to mention science, all his life,—the cause being chiefly, perhaps, that his eyesight was much impaired during the last thirty or forty years of it. No estimate of Wordsworth have I ever discovered wherein his infirmity of vision is properly emphasized. His critics seem to have tacitly assumed that a man who "would never describe anything with which he was not perfectly familiar" must necessarily have been blest with abundant eyesight.

Other circumstances have doubtless had their share in fostering the comfortable paradox of Mr. Raleigh. For example, the irregularity of Wordsworth's studies at Cambridge, though it disquieted him at the time and though he afterwards condemned and lamented it, has apparently been taken as a fair measure of his subsequent attainments. Yet his attainments at Cambridge were at once more solid and more extensive than his followers have ordinarily realized. Just after he received his bachelor's degree his sister wrote: "William lost the chance, indeed the certainty of a fellowship, by not combating his inclinations. He gave way to his natural dislike to studies so dry as many parts of the Mathematics, consequently could not succeed in Cambridge. He reads Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Latin, and English; but never opens a mathematical book."<sup>11</sup> Accordingly, any criticism of this period

in his life comes less appropriately from some of those who have written about him than from the poet himself; referring to the earlier part of his residence at college, he says:

Not that I slighted books,—that were to lack  
All sense,—but other passions in me ruled,  
Passions more fervent, making me less prompt  
To in-door study than was wise or well,  
Or suited to those years.<sup>12</sup>

And again, referring to the latter part:

The bonds of indolent society  
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived  
More to myself. Two winters may be passed  
Without a separate notice: many books  
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused  
But with no settled plan.<sup>13</sup>

Between those winters at Cambridge and the time when he penned such lines as these, Wordsworth must have undergone some change of heart toward "in-door study" after a "settled plan." In the present article it is the interest of Wordsworth's career, taken as a crucial instance of the relation between poetry and scholarship, that it shows us a definite attempt by the great English poet of nature to supply during his earlier prime what he considered a defect in his literary training hitherto, in order to fit himself for success in the world of letters. It is true (unless he is himself mistaken), even at Cambridge he had been granted imaginative glimpses of the training that he needed:

Yet I, though used  
In magisterial liberty to rove  
Culling such flowers of learning as might tempt  
A random choice, could shadow forth a place  
(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)  
Whose studious aspect should have bent me down  
To instantaneous service; should at once  
Have made me pay to science and to arts  
And written lore, acknowledged my liege lord,  
A homage frankly offered up, like that  
Which I had paid to Nature.<sup>14</sup>

However, it was not, I think, during the years of unrest immediately succeeding the "deep vacation" of his residence at the university that Wordsworth's intellectual conversion, if we may style it so, was finally accomplished; not until

<sup>10</sup> Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, Vol. I, p. 136; for other valuable references on Wordsworth's reading, see Index, Vol. III.

<sup>11</sup> Letter of June 26, 1791, to Miss Pollard, Knight, *Life of William Wordsworth*, Vol. I, p. 57; my punctuation follows that of a note in Worsfold's edition of *The Prelude*, pp. 391-392.

<sup>12</sup> *The Prelude*, Book III, ll. 364 ff.

<sup>13</sup> *The Prelude*, Book VI, ll. 20 ff.

<sup>14</sup> *The Prelude*, Book III, ll. 368 ff.

after his settlement at Racedown; not, perhaps, until his friendship with the polymath Coleridge had been cemented. We may assume that this conversion was not unrelated to the "moral crisis" which he passed through after his return from France and to the attendant change in his general attitude toward life, which has been described with so much penetration by Professor Legouis.<sup>15</sup> On the other hand, that Wordsworth, whether rapidly or gradually, had learned the spirit and practice of a more regulated toil among books by the time he began to write *The Prelude* is, I am convinced, unquestionable. Five years later, when he was bringing that poem to a close and when he felt himself competent to pass judgment on the motive forces of the French Revolution, he was well aware from what sort of literary investigation true insight into history must be won. At a prior stage of development, so he says,

Like others, I had skimmed, and sometimes read,  
With care, the master pamphlets of the day;  
Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild  
Upon that meager soil, helped out by talk  
And public news.<sup>16</sup>

But it is not with any of his special historical studies, of whatever time, that we have here to do. For the moment our inquiry concerns his more general literary activities subsequent to his establishment at Racedown.

Briefly, the case seems to be this. Sometime after Calvert's legacy had put within actual reach Wordsworth's ideal of a life devoted to poetry, and yet, as we have hinted above, possibly not until his intimacy with the erudite Coleridge began, Wordsworth came to realize that his previous literary and scientific schooling had been inadequate, and he shortly bent himself to the Miltonic task of "industrious and select reading," in conscious preparation for his chosen and impending career. Face to face with the project of an ample philosophic poem upon nature, man, and human life, though undecided on its exact subject-matter, he felt the need of supplementing and enriching his individual experience; hence,

being a genius of eminent good sense, he disdained none of the obvious means to culture. The dominant impulse of Wordsworth's life owed the normal debt of poetry to books.

One recalls his mature advice to his nephew: "Remember, first read the ancient classical authors; then come to us; and you will be able to judge for yourself which of us is worth reading."<sup>17</sup> But more significant still is his remark to Crabb Robinson: "When I began to give myself up to the profession of a poet for life, I was impressed with a conviction, that there were four English poets whom I must have continually before me as examples—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. These I must study, and equal if I could; and I need not think of the rest."<sup>18</sup> If we had no other way of gauging Wordsworth's attention to "these," we might measure it by the evidences of his actual attention to "the rest." "I have been charged by some," he observed, "with disparaging Pope and Dryden. This is not so. I have committed much of both to memory."<sup>19</sup> And when Hazlitt wrote in his *Spirit of the Age*: "It is mortifying to hear him speak of Pope and Dryden; whom because they have been supposed to have all the possible excellencies of poetry, he will allow to have none."—Wordsworth rejoined, privately: "Monstrous . . . I have ten times [more] knowledge of Pope's writings, and of Dryden's also, than this writer ever had. To this day [1836] I believe I could repeat, with a little rummaging of my memory, several thousand lines of Pope."<sup>20</sup> When the question is looked into, Wordsworth's familiarity with the lesser English poets becomes simply astounding; for neither the breadth of his acquaintance among them, as indicated, for example, by his "Prefaces," etc., nor the strength of his verbal memory, just noted, has been commonly recognized. In some minds there seems to be an impression that his sole and guiding star was Anne Countess of Winchelsea.

But it is not within the scope of the present

<sup>17</sup> *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Vol. II, p. 477.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 479, 480.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 480.

<sup>20</sup> *Wordsworth and Barron Field*, I, by William Knight, *Academy*, Dec. 23, 1905 (p. 1334).

<sup>15</sup> *The Early Life of William Wordsworth*, by Émile Legouis, pp. 253 ff.

<sup>16</sup> *The Prelude*, Book IX, ll. 96; cf. ll. 92-95.

study to consider the possible influence of Chaucer, or Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Milton on Wordsworth, not to mention that of men like Drayton, or Herbert, or Thomson, or Bowles; or to stir the problem of his indebtedness as a didactic poet to his favorite in Latin literature, the moral Horace; or to look into his observance as a rural poet of models among the pastoral writers including and preceding Spenser, although, as we have seen, Wordsworth's own advice is to consult "the ancient classical authors"—in this case Theocritus and Virgil—as a preliminary to understanding him. Suffice to say that for every type of production that he essayed Wordsworth had the best examples continually before him as guides. Nor, on the other hand, is it possible here to take general account of his devotion to science, which grew strong after his removal to Racedown, and of which we have striking evidences for the period of his residence at Alfoxden. We know that he now betook himself to mathematics, which at Cambridge he had neglected; that he became familiar with works like those of Linnaeus; that he was interested in treatises such as Erasmus Darwin's *Zoönomia*. And we gather that the beautiful severity of "geometric truth," pursued after the example of Milton, was reflected in course of time in that marvel of rigorous harmony, the "Ode to Duty"; that the poet's amateur study of flowers was fortified by an acquaintance with systematic botany; and that from sources of medical lore like the *Zoönomia* he drew information on abnormal psychology which he presently used to advantage in problem-ballads like "Goody Blake" and "The Idiot Boy." Wordsworth's formula in the "Preface" of 1800 has become classic: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science." Can any one really suppose that a man of Wordsworth's sincerity, believing this, would have tried to write poetry, if he had no science? Nor, furthermore, dare we grapple with the problem of Wordsworth's avidity for modern languages,—French, which he handled much more easily than the learned Coleridge, or German, which he could hardly have spoken much worse. We may note, as a symptom, that by the time he visited Goslar to practise German

Wordsworth was ready to take up "Norse" as well.<sup>21</sup> On the whole, it is safe to say that in linguistic accomplishments he was by no means so inferior to the translator of "Wallenstein" as Coleridgeans may have silently assumed; and perhaps the day is coming when specialists will discover that not merely in this, but in more than one other direction, the author of the "Ode to Duty," who often depreciates his own acquirements, was a more systematic student than the "myriad minded," but desultory Coleridge. As M. Aynard judiciously observes, the habit of pretending to an encyclopedic knowledge was one of the maladies of the romantic spirit.<sup>22</sup> From this malady Wordsworth was exempt.

In any case, our poet's reading after 1795 and, more particularly, about 1797–1798 was various and extensive,—so extensive as to call for industry on the part of any one who tries to duplicate it,—and was chosen largely as an aid, direct or indirect, to literary composition. The present article can but touch upon a single aspect of that various debt, using this aspect as a type, and must in any case be considered a preliminary rather than a finished study. However, any new ray of light upon Wordsworth's private history shortly before the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* is likely in some quarters to prove welcome.

In recounting the origin of the ballad now known as Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Wordsworth tells us that the fateful death of the Albatross was a direct suggestion from him. He had been reading about this ominous bird in *Shelvoek's Voyages*, a book, he adds significantly "which probably Coleridge never saw."<sup>23</sup> Now Coleridge's acquaintance with exactly this sort of literature, the literature of travel, may be set down as reasonably wide;

<sup>21</sup> Cf. the poem commencing

A plague on your languages, German and Norse!

This reference (Wordsworth, *Poetical Works*, Macmillan ed., p. 124) is unnoticed in Dr. R. E. Farley's *Scandinavian Influences in the English Romantic Movement*, Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature, No. IX. In fact, Dr. Farley's admirable work is painfully lacking with respect to Scandinavian influence in Wordsworth; there was a good deal of this. It came largely, I think, through Wordsworth's acquaintance with itineraries.

<sup>22</sup> *Revue Germanique*, Vol. I, p. 126.

<sup>23</sup> Coleridge, *Poetical Works*, ed. Campbell, p. 594.

at all events not merely "casual," as M. Legouis denominates it.<sup>24</sup> Was Wordsworth's acquaintance wider? Yet observe something even more strange: here is Wordsworth, who "would never describe anything with which he was not perfectly familiar," caught in the act of imaging for Coleridge, and for a poem in which the two were to be joint authors, a creature which neither of the ballad-makers could in all probability have seen in the flesh, sucking inspiration, not from "nature" or "solitude," but from a stirring narrative of adventure, and, in a capital instance, cruelly exhibiting the "genesis of poetry" out of dead (?) "material," with an eighteenth-century sea-captain for "literary intermediary."

George Shelvocke's *Voyage round the World by the Way of the Great South Sea* (London, 1726) was *Performed*, as the title-page records, *in the Years 1719, 20, 21, 22, in the Speedwell of London, of 24 Guns and 100 Men, (Under His Majesty's Command to cruize on the Spaniards in the late War with the Spanish Crown) till she was cast away on the Island of Juan Fernandes, in May, 1720; and afterwards continu'd in the Recovery, the Jesus Maria and Sacra Familia, &c.* The book illustrates one main direction in Wordsworth's studies during his outwardly quiet life at Alfoxden. Prior to his departure for Germany in 1798, he had probably worked through dozens of similar narratives, whether of wanderings by sea or of adventures in distant lands; for, aside from the fact that they were congenial to his roving and impetuous imagination, such accounts described for him in "the language of real men"—men who were first-hand and excited observers of nature—regions which the poet could never himself hope to traverse, but which, for specific purposes, he wished to be acquainted. "Of the amassing of knowledge," remarks Mr. Raleigh, "... he had always thought lightly." The dates are for the most part, of course, impossible to fix, but within a very few years Wordsworth read accounts of Dalecarlia, Lapland, and northern Siberia; he studied in some form the physical geography of portions of south-eastern Europe; he made acquaintance, it seems, with Wilson's *Pelew Islands*<sup>25</sup>; he read Hearne's *Hudson's Bay*

"with deep interest,"<sup>26</sup> and knew the Great Lakes through the *Travels* of Jonathan Carver.<sup>27</sup> If he did not carry Bartram's *Travels* in Georgia, Florida, etc., with him to Germany, he must have had that entertaining journal almost by heart before he started.<sup>28</sup> In this book, of course, his interest in travel was reinforced by his interest in botany. It is clear that he was acquainted also with the much earlier and more fiery expedition to Florida of Dominique de Gourgues<sup>29</sup>; and, if so, he had access less probably to the original of Basanier than to the translation in Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations*. In that case it would be hard to say where his delvings in itineraries ceased. In the meantime his friend and teacher, Coleridge, was busy with tomes like the *Pilgrimage* of Samuel Purchas, Hakluyt's industrious successor, and the *Strange and Dangerous Voyage* of Captain James, not to speak of Bartram and others. Sixty years afterward, in the catalogue made up for a posthumous sale of Wordsworth's library at Rydal, there appear not merely Purchas, Hearne and Shelvocke, but, besides a very considerable array of travels published after the year 1800, more than twenty such titles as the following: Bianchi's *Account of Switzerland* (1710); Buchanan, Rev. J. L., *Travels in the Western Hebrides* (1793); Burnet, Gilbert, *Travels in France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland* (1762); Busequius' *Travels into Turkey* (1744); *An Account of Denmark as it was in 1692* (1694); Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travell* (1650); *Account of the Kingdom of Hungary* (1717); Mavor, Rev. W., *Collection of Voyages, Travels, and Discoveries, from the time of Columbus to the present* (1796, etc.), twenty-one volumes; *Account of Voyages to the South and North, by Sir John Narborough and others* (1694); *Voyages and Travels, Some now first printed from Original Manuscripts, others now first published in English, with Introductory Discourse supposed to be written by the celebrated Mr. Locke* (1744), five volumes; Psalmanazar's *Description of Formosa* (1794);

<sup>26</sup> Wordsworth, *Poetical Works*, Macmillan ed., p. 85.

<sup>27</sup> See *Poems by Wordsworth*, ed. Dowden, 1898, pp. 418, 419; and compare *Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes*, ed. E. de Sélincourt, 1906, pp. 39, 176-177.

<sup>28</sup> Cf. *Athenæum*, 1905, Vol. I, pp. 498-500.

<sup>29</sup> Cf. *The Prelude*, Book I, ll. 206 ff.

<sup>24</sup> *Early Life of Wordsworth*, p. 422.

<sup>25</sup> Cf. *Athenæum*, 1905, Vol. I, p. 498.



Ray, John, F. R. S., *Observations made in a Journey in the Low Countries, Germany and France* (1673); *Travels in Divers Parts of Europe, &c., &c., with Observations on the Gold, Silver, Copper, Quicksilver and Other Mines [etc.]* (1687); *Vocabulary of Sea Phrases, &c.* (1799). It is reasonable to assume that if Wordsworth knew Shelvocke and Hearne before 1800, he knew at least a few of these works too. It is clear also that not all of his collection of travels and voyages can be found in the catalogue of sale for 1859.<sup>30</sup> For example, Bruce's *Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile* (1790) is wanting there; yet Wordsworth certainly owned a copy of this book, since in the memoranda that he was careful to keep at Rydal of all volumes borrowed from his shelves, there is an entry recording the loan of Bruce.<sup>31</sup> Further, no one can say to what limit the poet's own borrowing may not have gone before he had the money to buy books with any degree of freedom. Unfortunately I have been unable to consult all of the works that I am aware he knew even prior to 1799.

(To be continued.)

LANE COOPER.

Cornell University.

*Laurence Sterne in Germany.* A Contribution to the Study of the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Eighteenth Century, by WILLIAM WATERMAN THAYER. (Columbia University Germanic Studies, Vol. II, No. 1.) New York, 1905.

The author of this monograph has selected a subject, the importance of which has been recognized for a long time, but which, for a number of reasons, has failed to find exhaustive treatment. In the first place the nature of Sterne's influence upon German literature is so elusive that the investigator is at a loss to know how to define its limits. Furthermore, the sources for the investi-

gation are, certainly for an American student, extremely difficult to reach. Finally, Sterne's influence in Germany went beyond the limits of literature. The whole manner of life of the period of Sterne's popularity seems to have been affected by the characteristics of the English author.

The greatest recommendation that Thayer's book has, consists in the fact that its author has based his study largely upon German periodical literature. Histories of literature could have revealed but little. The examination of the writings of certain authors whose names are usually connected with Sterne's vogue, would have furnished no guarantee that the subject had been studied in all its phases. A search through the files of the contemporary journals has, however, suggested a method of work which has made it possible for the author to give a fairly connected review of Sterne's influence upon German literature. Unfortunately, in this monograph the discussion is limited to the eighteenth century.

Thayer's book is by no means unpretentious. It goes beyond the scope of a dissertation—not farther, however, than the subject warrants. In fact there are few themes which offer greater attractions to the worker in the field of literature than does this. It, however, demands and merits a more genial treatment than is frequently accorded to similar subjects. After all "Sterne's influence" seems to be something very incongruous.

Yorick stands forth as one of the most notable examples of an *enfant gâté* in the history of literature. His personal and literary success during his lifetime must be considered as a whim of the time. His popularity was a part of the widespread protest against formalism which the eighteenth century recorded. He exceeded his predecessors in his disregard of literary conventions, hence he was elevated to a lofty pinnacle of fame—so high that the lightheaded parson became giddy. Still he was never taken altogether seriously by his fellow countrymen. They read his works, praised and flattered their author, feted and lionized him, but it may be questioned whether in England, he was regarded as anything more than a clever individual whose charm consisted largely in his formlessness and his effrontery.

But across the Channel in continental Europe he was looked at in a different light. The spoilt

<sup>30</sup> This *Catalogue* of Wordsworth's library has been reprinted in the *Transactions of the Wordsworth Society*, No. 6, pp. 197-257.

<sup>31</sup> The MS. is now in the possession of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia.

child in England was furnished with the power of a literary authority in Germany and in France. His meaningless disquisitions were studied intently in the hope that new canons of art might be deduced from them. His incoherent mutterings were eagerly caught up and regarded as seriously as though they were inspired by deep philosophical meditation. The naughty, the irregular, the flip-pant and trifling Yorick masquerades as a literary sage—the picture is one that could have been made possible only by the irony of an illogical fate.

Nevertheless, although Sterne may not have merited his authority, he had it, and the study of its nature and extent deserves investigation in the most careful manner. However, the investigator ought not to make the panoply of philological method too formidable.

The important questions in the study of Sterne's popularity in Germany are not, whether there is a connection between Corporal Trim and Just in *Minna von Barnhelm*, or between two characters in Lessing's *Die Witzlinge* and Trim and Eugenius, or between Martin in *Götz* and some one of Sterne's characters. It is hard to resist the temptation to look for just such "influences." Thayer has been quite self-contained in this respect and has preferred to give his attention to the larger although far more intangible questions.

The author has brought out clearly that Sterne's fame in Germany was due almost solely to the *Sentimental Journey*. This fact has been frequently stated, but Thayer's intelligent discussion of the several editions shows definitely that but for the "sentimentalism" of Sterne, he would have had a very brief and unimportant career in Germany. The interest in *Tristram Shandy* and Yorick's sermons and letters was only aroused after the author of the *Sentimental Journey* had become a celebrity. A few men of note had enjoyed *Tristram* before the later book was published—Herder, Hamann and Wieland—but the number of its admirers was very small.

The first six parts of *Tristram Shandy* appeared in a German version by Zückert in 1763. Zückert was a physician and was especially attracted by the mock-scientific manner of Walter Shandy. No mention of the author's name was made until the appearance of the seventh and eight parts in 1765. In 1767 part nine was added—this was

nothing more than the translation of a spurious original. There were in all, three editions of the Zückert translations which differ, however, very slightly from each other.

It is suggestive that Sterne's sermons were published in German in Switzerland as early as 1766. As was the case with many of the earlier versions of English books, the translator quite missed the spirit of the original and failed to grasp its real significance. The devotion to things English led the translators into strange errors. Even the authors of the *Discourse der Mahler* committed some inexplicable mistakes, but the gravity with which this volume of Yorick's sermons was regarded is more than remarkable.

Bode's translation of *Tristram* did not appear until 1774, six years after his version of the *Sentimental Journey* had been given to the public. Johann Joachim Christoph Bode is the man most intimately associated with Sterne's fame in Germany. He had so fully worked himself into the spirit of Yorick's writings that everything he attempted in a literary way has the stamp of his favorite author.

Jördens says (Lexicon I, page 117): "Die Übersetzung dieses Fieldingschen, in seiner Art einzigen und unerreichbaren, Charaktergemäldes wirklicher Menschen (Tom Jones) verfertigte Bode in groszer Eile und unter ungünstigen Umständen. Sie ist ihm daher auch weniger gelungen. Besonders ist ihr der Vorwurf gemacht worden, dass Bode seinem Autor einen ihm ganz fremden Anstrich von Sternischer Laune gegeben habe. Doch bleibt sie bei allen ihren Mängeln noch immer ein sehr schätzbares Denkmal seines Geistes."

Bode's conception of Sterne was not the English Sterne. He constructed an ideal of the whimsical Englishman which was founded altogether upon the *Sentimental Journey*. It is therefore not surprising that in attempting to render *Tristram* into German, he should weave into it some of the ideas which were obtained from the book by which Sterne was especially known in Germany.

Bode's translation of the *Sentimental Journey* appeared in September or October, 1768. Previous to this, he had published several excerpts. Lessing's share in this work of Bode has been a subject about which there has been a good deal

of uncertainty and Thayer has accomplished an important task in defining Lessing's part in the undertaking. A good deal of the obscurity about Bode's relation to Lessing was caused by the translator himself who allowed a greater dependence upon his distinguished friend to be presumed than the facts warrant. Bode's preface states that Lessing had taken the trouble to go through the whole translation. It is of little consequence whether Lessing suggested the idea of translating the book to Bode or not, as there can be no doubt of Lessing's genuine enthusiasm for the English writer.

The second edition of the *Sentimental Journey* was published in May, 1769. It was identical with the first except that it contained certain additions to the first version. Thayer considers it of importance that Ebert's name is mentioned along with Lessing's. Bode acknowledges that the excellence of his work is due to Ebert and Lessing and this statement makes it probable that Ebert's influence has been much greater than is usually stated. Lessing's name has predominated in all discussions of the book because of his fortunate suggestion of the word *empfindsam* as a translation for *sentimental*. As we look back upon the period, it seems the absence of a word so frequently employed as *empfindsam* would have left a gap. Such a rendering as *sittlich* which was proposed by Bode could never have adequately taken the place of Lessing's invention.

Another translation of the *Sentimental Journey* which appeared almost simultaneously with Bode's was Pastor Mittelstedt's with the title *Versuch über die menschliche Natur in Herren Yoricks, Verfasser des Tristram Shandy, Reisen durch Frankreich und Italien. Aus dem Englischen*. This author had proposed *Gefühlvolle Reisen, Reisen fürs Herz, Philosophische Reisen*, but rejected them all in favor of the title as given above. Mittelstedt's version was originally offered to the public anonymously. The respective merits of the two German renderings is shown very clearly by the fact that Bode owes his reputation almost exclusively to this book, while Pastor Mittelstedt is relatively unknown.

A very interesting chapter is Thayer's treatment of the career in Germany of the spurious volumes of the *Sentimental Journey* which had been pub-

lished in England in 1769. Bode translated these and gave them to the public with no explanation whatever which led to almost endless confusion, especially as the translation was more of an adaptation than a copy of the original. It was filled with allusions to German conditions. Thayer says (p. 51): "In all, Bode's direct additions amount in this first volume to about thirty-three pages out of one hundred and forty-two. The divergencies from the original are in the second volume (the fourth as numbered from Sterne's genuine *Journey*) more marked and extensive: about fifty pages are entirely Bode's own, and the individual alterations in word, phrase, allusion and sentiment are more numerous and unwarranted." Bode's changes are intended to portray the Yorick as he was known in Germany, not in England. In some cases, Eugenius' original has been modified in order to avoid its grossness, while elsewhere the change is made in order to give an additional bit of delectable sentimentality.

In dealing with Bode's rendering of *Shandy*, Thayer says (p. 59): "Bode's work was unfortunately not free from errors in spite of its general excellence, yet it brought the book within reach of those who were unable to read it in English, and preserved, in general with fidelity, the spirit of the original. The reviews were prodigal of praise." Some years later, however, a very bitter attack was made upon this work by J. L. Benzler, the librarian of Graf Stolberg at Wernigerode. Benzler claims that Bode never made a translation that was not full of mistakes, but the improvements in his own version are hardly commensurate with his large pretensions. He, however, did some good in that he had the courage to call attention to some of the deficiencies of the popular idol Bode. In a very brief note on page 61 Thayer says: "The following may serve as examples of Bode's errors," and then enumerates only three samples of poor translations. One might reasonably expect from such a complete study as the writer has undertaken, a more thorough examination of Bode's stylistic and linguistic shortcomings.

The treatment of Sterne's letters and sermons, while adequate, is of no great consequence. It is, however, interesting to note that in this age especially famous for its letter writing, a volume

could be published (1780) with the title *Briefe von Yorick und Elisen, wie sie zwischen ihnen konnten geschrieben werden*. The letters were, of course, spurious. In fact the great amount of unguenuine publications that have assembled around the name of Sterne shows how large a place in the public mind was filled by the English writer.

"The Koran, or the Life, Character and Sentiments of Tria Juncta in Uno, M. N. A., Master of No Arts," had an interesting career in Germany and is important because of the interest that Goethe showed in it and his belief in its authenticity. This book was published in the first collected edition of Sterne's works, Dublin, 1779, and was probably written by Richard Griffith. There is some doubt about the author of the German translation published, Hamburg, 1778, under the title *Der Koran, oder Leben und Meinungen des Tria Juncta in Uno, M. N. A. Ein hinterlassenes Werk von dem Verfasser des Tristram Shandy*. It was, however, probably Bode.

Thayer condemns Robert Springer's *Ist Goethe ein Plagiarius Lorenz Sterne's?* contained in *Essays zur Kritik und zur Goethe-Literatur*. Thayer thinks that Springer is interested in making a case for the *Koran* and finds his chief argument in the fact that both Goethe and Jean Paul accepted it.

Johann Gottfried Gellius had also published a version of it in 1771 under the title *Yorick's Nachgelassene Werke*. The reviews of these volumes are generally favorable and they were usually accepted as having been written by Sterne.

Thayer points out that Schink's *Empfindsame Reisen durch Italien, die Schweiz und Frankreich, ein Nachtrag zu den Yorickschen. Aus und nach dem Englischen*, Hamburg, 1794, had as its source "Sentimental Journey, Intended as a Sequel to Mr. Sterne's, through Italy, Switzerland and France, by Mr. Shandy," 1793. Schink says in his introduction with regard to the statement in the title "*Aus und nach dem Englischen*"—"aus, so lange wie Treue für den Leser Gewinn schien und nach, wenn Abweichung für die deutsche Darstellung notwendig war." Schink published in 1801 also *Launen, Phantasien und Schilderungen aus dem Tagebuche eines reisenden Engländer's*.

With regard to the Lorenzo order and the remarkable history of the *Lorenzodose* idea, Thayer has very little to add to what is contained in

Longo's monograph, *Laurence Sterne und Johann Georg Jacobi* and Ransohoff's dissertation.

Through this order Jacobi became a celebrity in a very short time. His idea had met with universal approval and everybody wanted to make the acquaintance of the amiable Jacobi. So many desired to obtain the snuff-boxes that they became the subject of speculation on the part of the shop-keepers. The material employed was usually metal, but there are frequent references to boxes which were made of horn. The name Jacobi was often engraved on the inside of the case. Although they were scattered all over middle and northern Germany as far as Sweden and Lapland, at the present time it seems impossible to find a single example of the famous Lorenzo snuff-box. The interest in the association was not confined to any one class—clergymen, literary men, students and business men, were eager applicants for membership.

The plan was viewed with so much pleasure that efforts were made to found other societies of a similar nature. One was the order of *Empfindsamkeit* undertaken by Leuchsenring, another had the curious title order of *Sanftmuth und Versöhnung*.

Pankraz, one of the characters in Timme's *Fragmente zur Geschichte der Zärtlichkeit*, attempts to found a new order of the garter. The garter was to have upon it Elisa's (one of the characters in the book) silhouette and the device *Orden vom Strumpfband der empfindsamen Liebe*.

Thayer's study of Wieland's relation to Sterne, which would naturally form a not unimportant part of such an investigation, has been based largely upon *Laurence Sterne und C. M. Wieland*, by K. A. Behmer. However, Thayer finds that the value of Behmer's work is lessened by his acceptance of the Eugenius volumes of the *Sentimental Journey* and the *Koran* as genuine.

Herder's importance in this connection centers largely in the fact that probably through him Goethe first made the acquaintance of Sterne.

Thayer has done little more in connection with Goethe's relation to Sterne than to discuss the well-known passages in his writings and in his conversations that deal with the English author. It would seem that the writer had the opportunity for a less cursory examination of this relationship,



although he says, page 107: "A thorough consideration of these problems, especially as concerns the cultural indebtedness of Goethe to the English master would be a task demanding a separate work."

In concluding his investigation of the borrowings of minor literary men from Sterne, Thayer says, page 151: "The pursuit of references to Yorick and direct appeals to his writings in the German literary world of the century succeeding the era of his great popularity would be a monstrous and fruitless task. Such references in books, letters and periodicals multiply beyond possibility of systematic study."

Apart from the general influence of Sterne, which arose from the direct effect of his books upon special writers, there are three ideas under which his contributions to German literature may be grouped. In the first place, he precipitated the sentimental malady. This may have been intensified by the apt coining of the word *empfindsam*.<sup>1</sup> Second, the hobby horse idea. As exemplified by Sterne, this suggestion had considerable sway. Third, the journey motif. A book which had such great popularity as the *Sentimental Journey* would inevitably cause a great number of imitations, but there is danger in emphasizing the journey idea too strongly. There had been *Reisen*<sup>2</sup> before the appearance of Yorick's wanderings and there would have been such undertakings if Sterne had never written the *Sentimental Journey*. The original feature was the sentimental quality which was given to books of travel, or to imaginary travels.

Thayer gives the following very apt quotation from Timme's *Der Empfindsame*, p. 169: "Kaum war der lebenswürdige Sterne auf sein Steckenpferd gestiegen, und hatte es uns vorgeritten; so versammelten sich wie gewöhnlich in Deutschland alle Jungen um ihn herum, hingen sich an ihn, oder schnitzten sich sein Steckenpferd in der Geschwindigkeit nach, oder brachen Stecken vom nächsten Zaun oder rissen aus einem Reissigbündel

den ersten besten Prügel, setzen sich darauf und ritten mit einer solchen Wut hinter ihm drein, dass sie einen Luftwirbel veranlassten, der alles, was ihm zu nahe kam, wie ein reissender Strom mit sich fortriss. Wäre es nur unter den Jungen geblieben, so hätte es noch sein mögen; aber unglücklicherweise fanden auch Männer Geschmack an dem artigen Spielchen, sprangen vom ihrem Weg ab und ritten mit Stock und Degen und Amtsperrücken unter den Knaben einher. Freilich erreichte keiner seinen Meister, den sie sehr bald aus dem Gesicht verloren, und nun die possirlichsten Sprünge von der Welt machen und doch bildet sich jeder der Affen ein, er reite so schön wie der Yorick."

Thayer mentions other ideas which are derived from the author under consideration—stylistic peculiarities, extravagant methods of punctuation, the exaltation of the eccentric, the mock scientific style.

The author of the monograph has not exhausted the journalistic material that deals directly or indirectly with Sterne. This would be too much to expect, although the results of his investigation give a connected, if not thoroughly complete study of the subject he is treating. The periodical publications of this time are so multifarious—the letters from England which deal with literature, with art, the theatre, the proceedings of learned societies, etc., are so manifold that the author would have been too heavily taxed to attempt to make complete examinations of them.

Thayer has adopted a method which seems rather hazardous. He says, page 12: "The first mention of Sterne's name in Germany may well be the brief word in the *Hamburgischer unpartheyischer Correspondent* for January 4, 1762"; again, page 15: "This Zückert translation is first reviewed by the above mentioned *Hamburgischer unpartheyischer Correspondent* in the issue for January 4, 1764"; again, page 32: "The first notice of Sterne's death is probably that in the *Adress-Comptoir-Nachrichten* of Hamburg in the issue of April 6, 1768." Again, page 18: "A little more than a year after the review in the *Hamburgischer unpartheyischer Correspondent*, which has been cited, the *Jenaische Zeitungen von gelehrten Sachen* in the number dated March 1, 1765, treats Sterne's masterpiece in its German

<sup>1</sup>Thayer has failed to note a publication which was intended to combat sentimentalism and some of its consequences—*Archiv der Schwärmerei und Aufklärung*, hrsg. v. Schulz, 1788, Altona (3 vols.).

<sup>2</sup>Ransohoff thinks Ronsard's *Voyage de Tours ou les Amoureux* is the first example in modern French literature.

disguise. This is the *first* mention of Sterne's book in the distinctly literary journals." A number of other similar references could be added, but these are sufficient to show the danger of such statements, although they are in some instances qualified.

The contemporary reviews of Sterne's several books quoted by Thayer, form a valuable feature of his study—such expressions as "The reviewer in the *Allgemeine deutsche Bibliothek*," page 128, "The reviewer in the *Deutsche Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften*," page 131, the "*Almanach der deutschen Musen*, 1771, calls the book," etc. They are found on nearly every page, and while these quotations may be at times pedantic and frequently distracting, they give an idea of the extent of the author's reading.

The writer's style is by no means above criticism. Dealing as he does with a subject whose ramifications run into many questions of wide interest, Thayer has allowed himself to write in a manner that may be described as being too large. The bigness of his method of expression has carried him into some stylistic vagaries which are remarkable. The following serve as illustrations (page 40): "The translator's preface occupies twenty pages and is an important document in the story of Sterne's popularity in Germany, since it represents the introductory *battle-cry* of the Sterne cult, and illustrates the attitude of cultured Germany toward the new *star*." And (page 51): "But there is lacking here the inevitable concomitant of Sterne's relation of a sentimental situation, the whimsicality of the narrator in his attitude at the time of the adventure, or reflective whimsicality in the narration. Sterne is always whimsically quizzical in his conduct toward a sentimental condition, or toward himself in the analysis of his conduct." (Page 42): "Its source is one of the facts involved in Sterne's German vogue which seem to have fastened themselves on the memory of literature." Also (page 112): "The intelligence is afforded that he himself is working on a journey."

On page 37 occurs the following passage: "Brookes had prepared the way for a sentimental view of nature, Klopstock's poetry had fostered the display of emotion, the analysis of human feeling. Gellert had spread his own sort of religious and ethical sentimentalism among

the multitudes of his devotees. Stirred by, and contemporaneous with Gallic feeling, Germany was turning with longing toward the natural man, that is, man unhampered by convention and free to follow the dictates of the primal emotions. The exercise of human sympathy was a goal of this movement. In this vague, uncertain awakening, this dangerous freeing of human feelings, Yorick's practical illustration of the sentimental life could not but prove an incentive, an organizer, a relief for pent-up emotion." In this connection it would seem that a more precise and extensive reference to Rousseau would be desirable.

No scientific work can take up into solution more than a certain number of quotations and references to other books without becoming saturated. The style becomes surcharged with undigested facts. Thayer's book suffers somewhat on this account—it does not read as well as might be expected from the exceedingly interesting data which he has gathered together.

The number of misprints is not large. Page 43 seems to have suffered the worst. Page 22, *hypochondria* for *hypochondria*; page 51, *divergences* for *divergencies*; page 169, *Stok* for *Stock* are also to be noted.

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A NOTE FROM DR. SOMMER.

*To the Editors of Mod. Lang. Notes.*

SIRS:—Until I read Professor Nitze's letter in the January *Notes*, I was honestly under the impression that I was the first, although accidentally, to identify the manuscript and to notice the fact that the prose-Perceval is printed in the editions of 1516 and 1523. (When I stated that there are two editions at the British Museum, I did not imply by any means that these were the only copies.) Had I seen, or remembered to have seen, any of the references given by Professor Nitze, I should naturally not have written at all.

As extenuating circumstances I might plead: First, that I had discussed the contents of the article with several people in Paris and in London, two of whom, at least, had as little excuse as myself not to have seen those references, but neither said a word to the effect that he had; second, that as to periodicals and *Zeitschriften*, I

am here in London worse off than most of my American *confrères*, for, being unable to subscribe to them all, I am dependent on the British Museum, where, as is well known, the numbers are not obtainable immediately after their appearance, but often as much as five or six months later. As an instance, I might mention that when I asked last July for the January and February numbers of your *Notes*, the last number on the shelves was June, 1905.

When I was in Paris in December last, I collated the ms. 1428 with Potvin's text. I also found the first branch of the prose-Perceval in a late fourteenth century manuscript, viz., No. 119 (anc. 6790), ff. 520<sup>v</sup>-522<sup>a</sup>, where it forms a sort of introduction to the vulgate *queste*, occupying ff. 522<sup>a</sup>-564<sup>a</sup>.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

#### THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATOR OF WIELAND'S *Oberon*.

To the Editors of *Mod. Lang. Notes*.

SIRS :—In an article in the December number of *Modern Language Notes* on "Graf Friedrich von Stolberg in England," Mr. George M. Baker suggests the possibility that the James Six who translated two odes of Stolberg's was also the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Construction and Use of a Thermometer. By James Six, Esq., F. R. S." The author of this pamphlet and the translator of the odes were father and son, as the introduction to the former's essay shows. James Six, senior, died in 1793, and in the following year a friend published the article on the thermometer. To a brief account, in the preface, of the life of Six, Sr., he appended the following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine* in regard to Six, Jr., who died at Rome in 1786 at the age of twenty-nine.

"He was a young man of great natural abilities, and of extensive learning. He understood the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and German languages, and in most, if not all of them, had a well-grounded and accurate knowledge; . . . . Two beautiful odes . . . translated from the German, give no mean idea of his poetical powers; . . . He was the son of Mr. James Six, of Canterbury, to whose ingenious observations and experiments in natural philosophy, &c., the public have been much indebted. (*Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1787.)"

Besides the two odes already mentioned, James Six, Jr., also translated Wieland's *Oberon*, but only a few stanzas of this appeared in the *Deutsches Museum* for 1784 (Vol. II, pp. 232-47); the rest

was never published, mainly because of Wieland's objections to any translation of the poem into a foreign language. Wieland expressed himself very favorably, however, in regard to the stanzas which he had seen of Six's English version of the *Oberon*.

In a letter to Eschenburg of the 25th of March and another of the 7th of May, 1784 (given in Schnorr's *Archiv*, XIII, pp. 503-6), Wieland explains his reasons for not wishing the *Oberon* translated.

W. A. COLWELL.

Harvard University.

#### THE NORTH-ENGLISH HOMILY COLLECTION.

To the Editors of *Mod. Lang. Notes*.

SIRS :—I should like to call the attention of your readers to a connection which I have just discovered between the Anglo-French poem entitled the *Miroir* or *Les evangiles des domees* and the *North-English Homily Collection*. The French work was written by Robert of Gretham, about 1250 (see P. Meyer, *Romania*, xv, 296 ff.), and contained a series of metrical homilies for every Sunday in the year. Five manuscripts of the complete poem or of the illustrative narratives have been described (see Varnhagen, *Zts. f. rom. Phil.* I, 541-545; Bonnard, *Les traductions de la bible en vers français*, 1884, pp. 194 f.; P. Meyer, *Romania*, VII, 345, xv, 296-305), but all are in a more or less fragmentary state. The same author probably wrote another homiletic poem called the *Corset*, preserved in ms. Douce 210. What is perhaps a fragment of the *Miroir* in some redaction has recently been printed in *Romania*, xxxv, 63-67, by M. Meyer.

The Northern cycle of Middle-English homilies has hitherto been considered an independent compilation. It was written in the early part of the fourteenth century and exists in numerous manuscripts (see Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden, Neue Folge*, 1881, LVII-LXXXIX, and my *North-English Homily Collection*, 1902), of which only the Edinburgh ms. has as yet been published (Small, *English Metrical Homilies*, 1862). In the progress of preparing an edition of the work for the E. E. T. S. I have for some years been inclined to believe that an Old French original for at least part of the collection must have existed; but until recently I had no proof. By a study of the fragments of Robert of Gretham's poem, which have been printed by the gentlemen who have described the still unpublished manuscripts of that work, I have now made up my mind that it is the source of at least a considerable portion of the English collec-

tion. A measure of originality will nevertheless be left, I believe, to the Northern writer. The evidence of relationship, the details of which I must beg to be excused from giving till I make a personal study of Robert's entire poem next summer, rests upon similarity of arrangement, upon translation of certain passages almost line by line, and upon what seems to be an allusion of the translator to his original. It is needless to add that this relationship, if I succeed in establishing it, will place the interesting Northern cycle in a somewhat different position from that which it has hitherto occupied. For the present, I merely wish to call attention to the fact that all available evidence points in one direction.

G. H. GEROULD.

Princeton University.

#### A RECIPE FOR EPILEPSY.

To the Editors of *Mod. Lang. Notes*.

SIRS:—The following interesting recipe for epilepsy is found in a breviary of the thirteenth century in the library of Vendome. After having copied it, I discovered that attention had already been called to it in the catalogue of manuscripts under the No. 17. However, it is worth repeating as a curiosity:

*Jaspar fert aurum, thus Melchior, Baltasar (corr. Astrapa)*  
*mirram;*

*Hec quicumque trium secum fert nomina regum*  
*Solvitur a morbo Christi pietate caduco.*

J. L. GERIG.

Columbia University.

#### *Beowulf* 62.

To the Editors of *Mod. Lang. Notes*.

SIRS:—Though deeply conscious that Professor Klaeber and I have cruelly overworked l. 62 of *Beowulf*—and through it probably our friends as well—I am not yet content to remain quiet. It is Professor Klaeber's extended letter in the December *Modern Language Notes* that now moves me, and I beg the space for a few words in reply. I am not seeking here to add new arguments, nor to restate old ones, nor even to bolster up any of those I have put forward in the past. Nothing of the sort seems to me necessary. It may be I am like the battered youngster who gets up protesting he is unhurt. At least, in spite of all the articles and learning Professor Klaeber has marshalled against me, I cannot see that a single one of my conclusions has been seriously damaged. Only once, I believe, has he even touched upon my chief line of argument,

when he cites against me a few parallel cases of a genitive in *-as* and a nominative feminine singular in *-a*; but surely a half dozen such cases drawn from all Old English literature does not prove the forms to be normal, nor disprove my statement that "after the word *even* everything is peculiar." He has not shown that there was any mistake before *elan*, nor has he proved that there was any real correction made after *ewen*.

I might very well stop with this self-confident protestation that I feel entirely uninjured, if Professor Klaeber had not used against me some questionable tactics (I hope the phrase is not offensive). That is, in the first place, Professor Klaeber has persisted in seeing things in the autotype that surely are not there. In one article he thought the erasure might have been for a blot of ink. I showed that conjecture to be very ill-founded<sup>1</sup> and then turned the argument against him,—for his hypothesis was really favoring my position. Now he thinks the erased word may have been *þawas*, but anyone who looks at a good copy of the autotype can see that this second conjecture is equally untenable. There is not the slightest trace of a *þ* or a *w*. And I may add, again his hypothesis favors my position. Now I must confess that I think it unkind of Professor Klaeber to entice me with phantoms that for my side have such fair seeming show.

Another point on which I feel I have cause to be aggrieved—though I am not, of course—is Professor Klaeber's treatment of the *hyrde* case in *Fat. Ap.* 70. The first time he referred to the passage he gave the wrong line-number and now, alas, he has misquoted the line itself, making things look very dark for me. It is not *hyrde ic*, as Professor Klaeber states, but *hyrde we*, and the parallelism to *Beowulf* is accordingly not nearly so close as the misquotation would seem to show. In fact, I cannot see that the line contains a parallel at all.

There are other points in Professor Klaeber's letter that might be discussed, but no matter. The subject is evidently too small for either of us to distinguish himself in, and I for one shall be glad to drop it. In closing, however, may I add that I do not think Professor Klaeber has done full justice to the brilliancy and ingenuity of Professor Abbott's proposed emendation *Hroðulfes was*. I am not championing the emendation, nevertheless I think it has several strong points in its favor, and that these have been put forward with great skill. The explanation offered as to how the error arose seems to me especially brilliant, and very much better than Professor Klaeber's similar treatment.

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Mod. Lang. Notes*, Vol. XXI, p. 145.